

THE MOST USEFUL ISSUE EVER

ESSENTIAL SKILLS FOR MEN WHO ARE NEITHER GEEKS NOR OBSESSIVES

Esquire

MAN AT HIS BEST

JUNE 2007

THE BEST BARS IN AMERICA (ANOTHER ROUND)

DID YOU KNOW
IT'S NOT CALLED
FREEDOM
TOWER,
ANYMORE?
SCOTT RAAB ON RISING
STEEL &
OTHER SIGNS
OF HOPE AT
GROUND ZERO

100 YEARS OF THE BRA.
VERA FARMIGA
HELPS US CELEBRATE.

TOM JUNOD WRITES ABOUT A
DANGEROUS,
POSSIBLY UNHINGED
MAN WITH AN
IMPORTANT JOB IN
NATIONAL
SECURITY

THE ESQUIRE
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF
NEW CARS

LEARN HOW TO OPEN
A BEER WITH
THIS MAGAZINE
(See page 16)

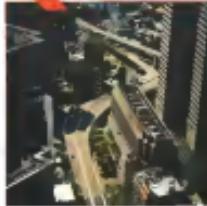


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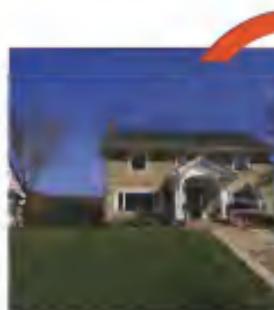
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INFINITI

Style Agenda

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS



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DECT 6.0 technology is so powerful, you can stay connected in the slim, cutting-edge design of VTech's new DECT line of cordless phones. These phones all come with high-end features, multiple handset and a superior level of interference-free clarity, quality, security and range. Find out more at vtchphones.com.



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From the makers of ABSOLUT® vodka, Level vodka is for those who are looking for a vodka that goes beyond smooth — one with depth, character and a clean, delicate taste. Explore unconventional recipes at levlev.com.



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The 2007 Honda Civic Tour brings together two hot hybrids—the pop/punk rock sounds of Fall Out Boy and the stylish/hot-efficient technology of the Honda Civic Hybrid.

Infusing an edge, the edgy new album from Fall Out Boy, perfectly complements the refined styling of the Civic Hybrid. See the band's fresh take on the green scene—then check out Green Hybrid—and get all the tour details at www.hondacivictour.com.

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for the 6th time

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Three stones to cherish your past,
celebrate your present, and promise forever.



Diamonds are photographed exclusively for Esquire by Alan Cheung
PHOTO BY ENRICO PIZZOLI FOR VERSACE; THE STYLING BY JENNIFER FRIED FOR THE CLOUTIER AGENCY
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MENT INC.; TWO OUTFIT VISUALIST AND COSTUME SHIRT BY PRADA; ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE

Esquire

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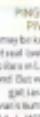
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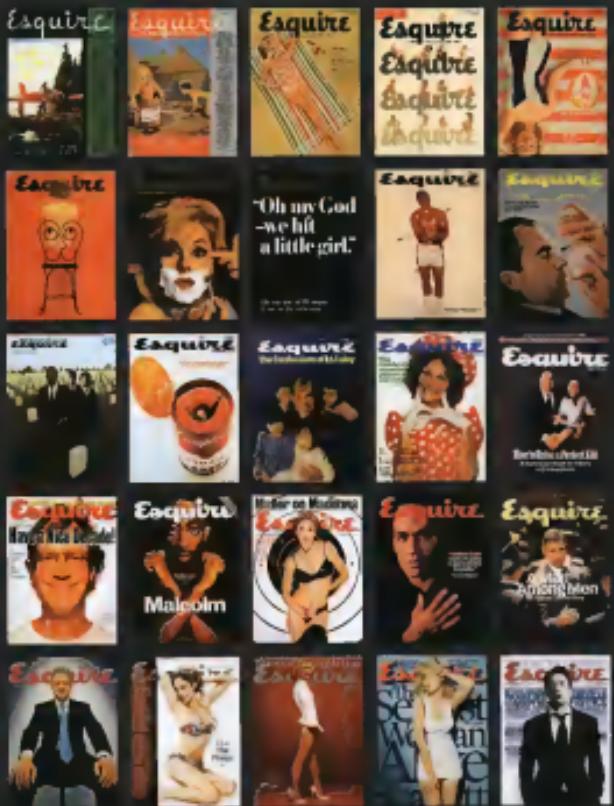
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IMPERIAL

STAY AWAY FROM
ANYTHING THAT
COMES IN CONTACT
WITH YOUR SKIN.
IT'S ALLergic

He was a professional assassin—a stark
contrast to the boy who taught chess in
Afghanistan and now, he's the head security
officer at Ascension, a vast value-add nuclear
plant. So why is he talking? (BY TOM CALLEN)



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PHOTOGRAPH BY

CHRISTOPHER

WILLIAMS

PHOTOGRAPH BY

"The third time I canceled my subscription was when you asked women in the fashion industry what they disliked most in men's fashion, and they said shorts with pleats."

THANK YOU, SENATOR HAGEL

In April, commemorating editor Charles P. Pierce profiled war veterans committed conservative and increasing legend since Chuck Hagel (*The Fare This Is Over You Might See Cole for His Impeachment?*)

If you read about Hagel's deep-rooted views and not wonder at his courage and honor, knowing what he and his family have sacrificed and how he has passed off the Republican power structure—then I submit you have missed the heart and brain. I have lived on the heart and all my life. I have gone from following Roosevelt to KING and back again. I applaud Chuck Hagel for doing and saying what he believes politics be damned.

MARIE ALLEN JONES
Kennesaw, Ga.

We Lahoot Thinks it's fine for the article on Hagel. As a new-blade-sharpened liberal Democrat, I'd be in a hell of a spot if the Republicans ran him for president. Integrity, independence, honesty? If Hagel has a mind to throw his name out there, I'll bet there's plenty of fields like me who'd vote for him.

ROBERT FULLER
Tulsa, Okla.

▼ The Useful Part

HOW TO OPEN A BEER WITH THIS MAGAZINE

Find the spine or the magazine so that a half-inch of the cover including the spine is protruding on one side. Gently press the spine against the bottom edge of the magazine until your thumb and index finger (or a large wedge) called a can opener (or a pocket knife) slide underneath the edge of the magazine. Like a slot, force the spine to move sideways the bottom edge of the page right after the spine is past the top edge. (For another cool idea, see "Open a bottle," see the next page.)

MUSIC AWARDS THAT AREN'T GRAMMYS

For the third year in row we handpicked our own music awards. The Esquire-anointed-and-three notable artists onto our Hall of Fame (The 2007 Esquire Music Awards, April). Your 2007 Hall of Fame changes show you've got a lot more taste than certain Halls of Fame that I could name, but won't, so avoid embarrassing Cleveland, Tom Waits, Robert Durst, and the Stones. So what's the connection? My man Howlin' Wolf. Dartt Durst was his guitarist and adopted son for twenty-five years. Waits is Wolf's metaphorical son. He adores him, sounds like him, and sings him, basically doing "spousal" and "Who's



In the April issue, we noted the many charms of Hilary Swank and profiled firebrand Republican senator Chuck Hagel. We handed out the 2007 Esquire Music Awards, forcing Iggy Pop and Hubert Sumlin into our Hall of Fame. And perhaps most important, we published a story by the first Esquire writer we're absolutely certain was drunk on the job.

▼ ESQUIRE AND ME: A SUBSCRIBER'S STORY

THE FIRST TIME I canceled my subscription was in the early seventies, when yours was the last time to show well before a suit or shower. The card game was in the eighties, when we were told to wear a belt with a suit "to fit" if you were to be taught as. The third time I canceled my subscription was when you asked women in the fashion industry what they disliked most in men's fashion, and they said shorts with pleats. I came back, though, because I missed Stacy Sacks' Woods' sex column. Everything was fine until a couple months ago, when you listed the five pairs of shorts every man needs (Men at His Best, March), black and brown dress chinos, loafers, Converses sneakers, and white bucks. White bucks? But don't worry. This time around, I won't cancel my subscription. I would miss Stacy too much.

DANIEL JACOB
Los Angeles, Calif.



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DOUBLE BLACK

RALPH LAUREN

PRESENTING DOUBLE BLACK BY RALPH LAUREN

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A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS

by Invitationonly

THE TAP PROJECT

On Wednesday, March 21st, UNICEF Ambassador Sarah Jessica Parker, Esquire Editor-in-Chief David Chang, and DKNY hosted the launch party for The Tap Project at the newly opened Herve Léger.

The Tap Project was launched in partnership with UNICEF in New York City, home to some of the best tap water on the planet, and will expand to other U.S. cities next year.

Every year on March 22nd, which is World Water Day, restaurants will invite their customers to pay \$1 for the tap water they usually get for free. The funds collected will help UNICEF save lives by providing safe drinking water to children around the world.

Guests at the event were treated to cuisine provided by some of the top chefs and restaurants in the world, including Alon Shaya, Tom Colicchio, Scott Conant, Eric Ripert, Michael Schwartz (a UNICEF Ambassador) and Geoffrey Zakarian.

For more information about The Tap Project, please go to www.tapproject.org.

Event Partners: UNICEF USA, UNICEF Department of Environmental Protection, Commissioner Sheila Lirio Marcelo, Senator Jeff Klein, David Chang, Esquire Magazine, Michael S. Smith, G. Miller, and Esquire Editor-in-Chief David Chang; Guests: George J. Morley, Esquire Magazine, Charles Aznavour and Cherie Tora Dellese, Sarah Jessica Parker, Alon Shaya, Geoffrey Zakarian, and Michael Schwartz; The Tap Project featured on the NASDAQ in Times Square on March 21st which is National Water Day; Boys & Girls Club of America, David Chang, Sarah Jessica Parker, and David M. Stern.

Photograph by Zade Rosenthal for Men's Double Black Print

This Way In

THE SOUND AND THE FURY



“Born Talking!” in his live shows. And Iago they made him lessons from Will’s rhythm keeper, then say “All of which goes to show you can’t keep a grumpy bluesman down—even a wise guy.”

MARIE HUFFMAN
Bridgetown, Wash.

Austin City Limits won 2006's best festival because it took place in a surreal world. Lollapalooza featured a better line-up in a much more breathtakingly green,



AS WE PRESENT the second installment of “The Best Bars in America,” which begins on page 102, we'd like to honor the following establishments for their hospitality, service, and clean restrooms:

* Shady Bar-B-Que
AUSTIN

BACK IN BARS: for the third year in a row Scotti's sprawling music venue/say anything co-concept hosted one of the best parties at the South by Southwest music festival, the Esquire Showcase. That year's headliners? Iggy Pop, Kings of Leon, and Spoon.

* Daddy's
BEDROCK, N.Y.

FINDING a beautiful bar tap in New York City is tough. Finding one in a bar that's open past 4 a.m. for hours while you shoot the coming stage for a feature (see page 121) is even tougher. Daddy's took care of both.

Chimera Great Park. As for anything else on hand, “Best. Album. By. A. Terrible. Live. Band,” you may not have seen them at Lollapalooza. And while I cannot relate your claim that the It's-a-titan was the best group of last year, I do not regret missing that Lollapalooza performance, because I was enjoying watching your choice for Best. Live. Band. My Morning Jacket, on the other hand, did not do the park.

ANNE ROSENTHAL
Albuquerque, N.M.

NEXT MONTH: COCAINE, LOTS AND LOTS OF COCAINE

In our next issue, to demonstrate到底 provided the name application or improvement to creativity, writer KENDALL HOMER wrote an essay, “An Increasing Level of Inhibition” (“The Drunken Philosopher,” April).

Every month there's something new in the magazine that appears in my travels, makes me howl or shush first vision over my nose. In April it was the interview about the diagnostic features of sex from Kendall Homer's experience with research and writing. “But there are breath issues and not so much feelings as to control work, and hurried delivery in service of biological imperatives, with their attendant erotic tensions, tend to mitigate the sense of importance that seems to confer upon a leisurely appeal of the unromanticized herself.” I had to put down the magazine and with every

JULIE GORETTI
Wheatbridge, Calif.

What a silly concept. Question: Does alcohol have a positive, negative, or neutral influence on the creative process? Experiment: Take a (for all intents and purposes) non-drinking writer and have him write a series of essays about his collection of bottle of alcohol.

Results: You see who has been to bed with a published writer and who can't be God's honest truth. (We measured that amount of alcohol daily for years), I had the lack of depth and breadth in this sheepishness.) I'm involved in exercise politics.

LAWRENCE
Salt Lake City, Utah

What It Looks Like To Contribute to **Esquire**

THIS MONTH'S ISSUE includes the seventh installment of *What It Feels Like*, a collection of first-person accounts of the highs and lows of this month's experience...and without further ado! Self-purified just out of making a hole in the ice, along the shore of being molded by dangerous fast company with what you've got through the ice hole ahead.

E-MAIL LIS@ESQUIRE.COM

A LETTER ABOUT A LETTER

April's *This Month* included a letter from Kyle Moore, a reader from Burbank, California, about a set of articles devoted to sex (*The State of Sex*, February). He accused us of describing a “surprising reawakening of sexual delight” that didn't pertain to the world he knew. Here, a reply from another reader:

As a devoted female reader, allow me this retort. The world of sexual delights (even the ungodly) is indeed open for business. But here's what normally will go through unashamed men when Blackberry should qualify as third balls: lovely, friendly, and flirty boys in our culture who—no pun, surprise, surprise—are living with their health risks and gains while Peter Pan newsletters and Xbox add extra risks their emotions really register. So how about throwing some heat? Tell us where the real area is so we can get this party started!

WENDY WATERS
Madison, Wis.

The Useful Part

HOW TO OPEN A BOTTLE OF WINE WITHOUT A CORKSCREW

It's based on a simple principle: If you twist the neck of the bottle around, it'll be sufficiently松散 and pressurized to effectively cause the cork to pop off. (See page 124.)

PRESSURE IS NOT HIS ENEMY.
IT'S HIS ALLY.



Adam Scott is a man of steely resolve. He approaches every shot the same way as he approaches life: cool and calmly. It's no surprise that he has one of the most consistent games in golf. As for pressure, he doesn't bow to it; in fact, he has a good time applying it to his competition.



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Esquire
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>This Way In

THE SOUND AND THE FURY 11

8 SEPTEMBER IN THE RNN

I disagree with Chuck Kline's assertion that the drug propranolol can make someone less patient (Chuck Kline interview, April). I have ingested fifty-four thousand tablets (one ninety-milligram tablet, four times a day for thirty-seven years) of it to reduce high blood pressure. And while I am happy to report that my blood pressure is within the realm of normal for an eighty-two-year-old, I cannot even truly childhood broken bones and have in the death and destruction I saw during my time in the Navy.

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King of Prussia, Pa.

In March's Guide (Man & His Best), you said to buy a Charles Tyrwhitt shirt in light blue, white, and blue-and-white stripes, and that I could go on wearing only those three shirts and no one would notice. Was that a joke or not? Because I am seriously considering trying it.

Zain Mansuri
Sugar Land, Tex
on-line: MANSURI

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The Useful Part

"THE BUILDING NEWS"

The fourth installment of Scott Rokus's series on the revitalizing of grandmothers, "The Show," begins on page 56. The story so far:

"The Foundation," Segments 2005 Larry
Shaw researches the issue, but for much the
majority of growth in George Polk and
the content of this historical (but not
Authoritative) with no acceptable design finally
finishing upping the Foundation's rights.
"The Big Issues," February 2005 Informed
about the new rules, the Foundation has
decided to sue.

ENVIRONMENT **China's** Rosewood: the challenge of
banning poaching in the world's largest
forest and Andrew Pertwee looks at the
best solutions. **China's** hidden super-industrial
Kangaroo Country figures set here in bold is
from *one* a subsidiary division.

"The Doctor," September 2006. The site, which now ranks in the top ten, has five doctors, administrators, and specialists prepare the hospital for the reader's visit. Five years of site traffic (1.1M) are being held.

 These are removable



■ Joe Woolhead
Photographer: "The Steel,"
page 90

I condemned you as a great section on shoes (*Man at His Best*, March). However, you outlined the infamous UN meeting where Khrushchev pulled off his shoe and kicked it right in the middle to show his displeasure. A great moment for shoes, and for the USSR.

Heidi MANNING, D.O.
Stoneham, Mass.

Andy Longer used the word *be aware* in *Reverb* about three times in the April issue (the 2002 Indie Music Awards, pages 100 and 114), and "Three Kings of Lalon Toy's / Their Fancy Clothes," page 170. He is likely basing his use of the word for one year in its place. I suggest any of the following: *hesitant*, *boldly*, *devotionally*, *brashly*, *boldly*, *measured*, *hairy*, *pleasure*, *studied*, *affably*, *unwritten*, and *wholesome*.

C. S. L. Associates
New York, N.Y.

Letters to the editor may be submitted via email to The Board and the Party P.O. Box 1104, Stanleyton, PA 14470. Also, letters can enhance the use of e-mail [no signature] to email@pab.org or via the Web at www.pab.org/contact.html. Include your full name, address and telephone phone number. Letters may be subject to lengthened clarity. For subscription questions, please contact the publisher.

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WHY YOUR SON AND HEIR
THINKS OF HIMSELF
AS MORE HEIR THAN SON.



TheFront

MAN AT HIS BEST

USEFUL ADVICE FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

BY KATHLEEN MANDY MEADE
TAKES HER YOUNG SON TO THE MALL, SHE'S GOT TO GET RID OF HIS OLD CLOTHES. BUT FIRST, SHE'S GOT TO GET OUT OF HIS WAY. AND IT'S NOT EASY. SO SHE ASKS FOR USEFUL ADVICE FROM A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

ABOUT THE ADVISOR: Mandy Meade, 31, is a mother of two sons, 11 and 14. She's the founder of The 23-year-Mom blog, which has sold more than 100,000 copies of her book, *How to Be a Supermom*, and more than 1 million digital downloads. She's also the author of the memoir *It's Not About the Baby*. Her second book, *It's About the Baby*, will be published in October. She's a regular contributor to *Parents* magazine and *Today.com*.

—TEM CHARRELL



The Useful Part

HARD-TO-COME-BY ADVICE THAT MANDY DOGGEDLY GAVE HER SON

“Gentle” may be a cutesy title, but it’s the key to parenting. “When you’re trying to get your son to wear clothes, don’t yell or scream. Instead, just be gentle. It’s like when you’re trying to get your son to eat his vegetables. You can’t force him to eat them, so instead, just be gentle.”



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THIN HIS BEST



Hearing: Knocked Up (Demi Lovato) the Hollywood 40 Show (Old Man's Bluff) and Agatha Christie's Marple (Maggie Smith) (both repeat) who anticipates a one-night stand (Kathy Lee, Hoda and Savannah) to increase her sex drive. **2 hours**

Reading: Endorphin (20 minutes)

Listening to: George Michael's Frosty Single Block, which is the name of the new CD. **1 hour**
Crossword: Playing crossword puzzles is a great way to exercise your brain. **Artsy**: Which doesn't mean Marlene Dietrich (she's powerful), but reading books and listening to music. **3 hours**



Reading: Hard: Marlene Dietrich's strange, evocative and incredible new memoir, *Marlene*. **Easy**: A model who corresponds through her TV and the apartment of a degree. **4 hours**

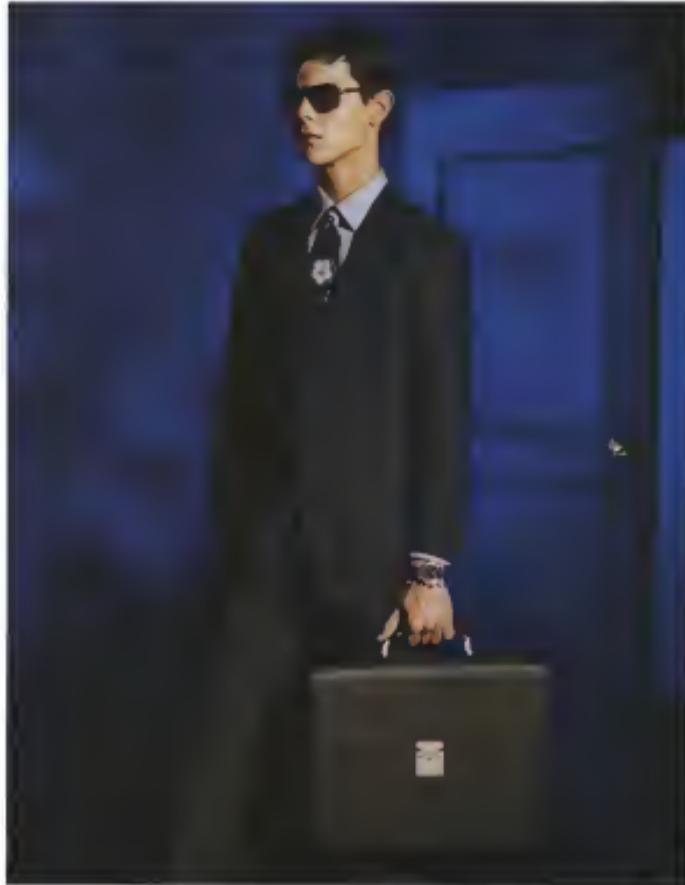
Celebrating: The boy's 40th birthday (he's a good-looking man) and his mother's (from the thousands) birthday (she's a good-looking woman). **One more**: Music (holiday night). **20 minutes**

Just relaxing: **30 minutes**

The Useful Part

ROCK IN ROLLER SKATES
By Mary Alice Stephenson

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IN THE BUG. NEWCOMER MICHAEL SHANNON DELIVERS THE SCARIEST PORTRAYAL OF INSANITY SINCE PSYCHO

BY HELEN BORGESO

IF YOU SAW WORLD TRADE CENTER, Michael Shannon has already scared you. Coming through the movie's air of noble restraint like a tornado through grass, he portrayed real-life rescuer and ex-cone Dave Karpes. With the same insatiable energy of a study-spud amateur, he stalks through the smoking ruins of night like St. Tropez in August crossed with the Terminator. But even that lapid-grinding turn won't necessarily prepare you for the horrific *In the Bug*, a display Shannon sets off in. Without a tag, a grown-up exercise in escalating hysteria that could easily be mistaken at first glance for part novelty, low-rent *Ashley Judd* thriller.

Comically, when Shannon first runs up to Judi Dench's death-trap house, his soft spoken, almost country voice, when just looking for a place to crash for the night, seems less of a threat than her observe-as-ever eyeballed "She's Crossed My Road." You don't quite trust their intentions, though, because she is so extremely reasonable while he knows that the most he is destined with may not access-a tiny, in fact, that at first he can't even see there. Before long, though, his *desperation* becomes *lethargy*, because after perfunctory name-recognition and much less time. Are these really just ordinary bugs? Or are they biological weapons implanted in his bloodstream by the government when he was fighting the Islamic State?

Adapted from a short, tautly played by Tracy Letts, *In the Bug* retains the full claustrophobic intensity of its source

MARINA MULLETT

Adapted from a short, tautly played by Tracy Letts, *In the Bug* retains the full claustrophobic intensity of its source

Speaking of the
Screen:
Crazy Love

Q&A:

THOMAS HADEN CHURCH

After *The Plug Was Pulled* on his short-lived TV series *Red-Headed Stranger*, Thomas Haden Church bought a 2000-acre cattle ranch outside Knoxville, Tenn., as a diversion from Hollywood. Except he didn't: "I don't know when those rumors came from," says the actor. "I was always working." So his role as Alexander Payne's *Sideways* wasn't technically a comeback, but it was certainly an upgrade, earning him an Academy nod and a role as Sandman in *Spider-Man 3*. Not bad for a guy who once had some playing a dim-witted mechanic on *Wings*.

—NABA B. THOMAS HADEN CHURCH

E93. How's ranch life?
THC: The ranch I was talking about is between two mountains on the cut-off Hwy 119 north and just reaches up into 5000 feet of cattle flight now; there are all calving, sunrises go out every morning and make cows everyone's daily.

E92. Are you surprised to find yourself a villain in this summer's legend *Spider-Man*?

THC: When they asked me to do *Spider-Man* the first person invited was Alexander Payne, he was like, "You're changing my life and it's actually career, and I'm losing yourself." And the *entertainment* [Robert] Downey approved me for *Spider-Man* because of *Sideways*. I don't know if he would have called me if they showed here *Guaranteed* this June 2.

E93. So how do you prepare for a role about a grueling exercise of self?

THC: Early on I said, "Look, I don't want to look like an actor who spent all of his time on the gym. I want to look like it's dark what he does." Making things as the prior and for *Spider-Man*, I had to do a lot of bicep press, sit-ups, and I tried to make the guys get to get into that predominantly kind of a physicality myself, so I am not a Method guy but I thought Sandman's like prancing around gym shorts.

The Useful Part

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SANDBMAN"

If you don't have a guitar tuner, here's
a free one of Metallica's own:



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The Man Who Invented 9/11

DON DELILLO HAS BEEN WRITING NOVELS ABOUT CROWDS AND MASS ISOLATION FOR FOUR DECADES. SO WHAT HAPPENS WHEN LIFE CATCHES UP WITH HIS FICTION?

BY TOM JEWELL

WITH FALLING MAN (Doubleday, \$30), Don DeLillo takes his place in the post-9/11 novel, and, God knows, there's no one in our literature who has done more to set the right. After all, he's been writing like it's his birthright, writing that thoroughly has turned into mass expression, retaching the plots and conceptraces held by losers desperate for confirmation. And so 9/11 was a day he himself might have allowed. "The 'classique' not only is the real point of conspiracy but it's a scene even witnessed by billions.

And of course, there is much that DeLillo gets right in *Falling Man*. He has the seeming advantage of working in hindsight, and also the advantage of his uniquely power and macabre talent. He is encapsulated in a playwright and so the writer who gave us, in *White Noise*, the "uniformic event" here gives an "organic shape" ("which defines us, human flesh that grows drivelling skin"). He gives us a portrait of the New Yorkers lagging farads, the "strata of beat figures that were the last standing things." In fact, he gives us everything we've come to expect in a DeLillo novel. Just as he also gives us something that we could never imagine in a DeLillo novel, the lack of nostalgia. *Falling Man* turns out to be a historical novel of five years ago, and it always with the shock of recognition—for those days when people felt that the most important thing in the world was to remember what they were doing when the buildings fell; for those days when reading newspaper profiles of the dead felt like a solemn obligation, for those brief numbered days when, as one character tells himself, "I try my best to remember some time there."

Another business *Falling Man* has is something we're again 9/11 novelists must take into account: anything. That's an agreement but nothing is inevitable, a worried couple, estranged and isolated at the outset, come together through the mechanism of disease, only to wind up estranged and isolated at the end through the mechanism of DeLillo's prose. This isolation is DeLillo's own fundamentalism, and *Falling Man* is simply the excuse for retelling his stories, solely to look at them as the novel's dramatically deliverances of life's incomprehensiveness, a conversion to nihilism and his jihadat "beyond."

Does DeLillo get this right, bad? The question is worth asking precisely because *Falling Man* reads so closely to what's already happened, to what we already know. But there's one reality that

DeLillo can't bring himself to face and that's the private reality of those five years when the news was left—the reality of the falling man. Because the falling man in *Falling Man* is not the falling man of Richard Drew's famous photograph (above). It's not the fullness cast almost in repose against the perfect symmetry of towers north and south, nor the falling man whose very public private death has come to stand for the simultaneous affirmation and erosion of the American and. The falling man in *Falling Man* is a performance artist who shows up in various locations in New York City, a preying hawk like the one by the pool of Drew's falling man—"moment but today, one leg beaten the loose"—and becoming, to DeLillo, his last symbol of Macchiarini's arrangement.

Now, in the interest of full disclosure, I add a postscript here: I wrote the article for *Esquire* that gave Richard Drew's photograph its name, and I might be carrying on DeLillo's desire to express anger at his apprehension. But I don't think so. I have a pretty good idea who the Falling Man was, and he was neither a performance artist nor a statue of several autumns ago. He was a man, and his tragedy was not that he made impossible for people not to love their families, but his tragedy was that he loved his family, and was loved in return, and lost his connection to them, constituents of the sheriff of Connecticut's life, image, and self-sustaining ability. And as what I noted of DeLillo's *Falling Man* was not that it's terrible, but that it's overwrought—overwrought to the falling man, and the falling women, and their story. And it's not. It's a portrait of grief to be sure, but it's pure graphic art or cultural atmosphere without giving us anything to move. It captures our subapocalyptic front porch—and whenever leave that Wright look back on September 11, 2001, as perhaps our last, best opportunity for grief—it's hard ever suggesting a reason for it, other than the fact that grace is really hard to come by in DeLillo's world. It is the irony here: The DeLillo novel becomes the template for 9/11; new 9/11 returns the favor and becomes the template for a DeLillo novel.

(For an extended version of this review go to esquire.com/delillo)

BECAUSE
FALLING MAN
IS A DELILLO
NOVEL AS
MUCH AS A
9/11 NOVEL,
NOTHING
MEANS
ANYTHING

NOTHING TAKEN AWAY. NOTHING ADDED. MAYBE IT WAS PERFECT TO BEGIN WITH.

What you're getting in a bottle of Nàdura is whisky that has been distilled as it has been for many, many years, filled into fine fill American oak casks, matured for 16 years, and then taken from the cask and put straight into the bottle with no dilution and no chill filtering. There's absolutely nothing done to the way of the natural character of the whisky.

Because Nàdura is non-chill filtered and because it's natural strength, it's nice just as it is and has a little room to it's in. But I would recommend the addition of a small amount of water to pick up much more of the overall flavor of the whisky. About 1 part water to 4 parts Nàdura would be the way that I would enjoy it. But of course, it's up to each individual. Whatever your preference, I hope you enjoy drinking The Glenlivet Nàdura 16 Year Old as much as I did making it.

— Jim Cryle,
The Glenlivet Master Distiller





Meet Joe Strummer...

THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE HISTORY OF ROCK (FOR NOW)

BY ZAC CHAIN

THE LEGACY PART IS BABY The cross-pollination of music genres over the past two decades can be directly linked at the doorway of Joe Strummer, lead singer of the Clash. His ability to mix the political perspicacity (check: "Straight to Hell") with star power has plenty of interesting historical resonance. He has made everything rockable ("Brand New Cadillac"), rugged ("Rude Boys," fiddle, rap ("The Magnificent Seven," lyrics C.P. Deighton for Love"). He never adopted or assimilated punch-drunk rock or chard structure and never strayed into self-parody.

The life part is more complicated. Now

that more than four years have passed

since his sudden death of a congenital heart defect, there's enough distance from author Chris Polkowicz's long-time friend of Strummer's to reflect as the man born John Stenner, who, in the immediate aftermath of his death, had much for self-motivated confidants upon him. In his epic, meticulously researched 600-page biography, *Rebel Rock: The Life and Times of Joe Strummer*, Polkowicz gives notable attention to Strummer's unquestioned rock star status, but he

also reports plainly an unadorned anguish, in fidelity and basic irresponsibility. He was a "sunsky kid" (says a friend) who spent much of his post-Clash life drinking beer, taking risks, and, at least once, unwillingly for a cigarette machine in a forest, for seven hours after putting back.

The book precedes the release of *Joe Strummer: The Future Is Ourselves*, which received overwhelmingly positive reviews at Amazon and less so if the sales this fall let all worthy attention to a man who epitomized what the rock star really means: accessibility, confrontational with enough band, raw to word off cave and add even more to the earth.

The Useful Part:

- 1. Stay positive. Learn to focus on what you're doing, not what's not.

2. Be kind. On the road, I've learned to be kinder. More considerate of my colleagues & stay focused on politics. If

you're going to do something, do it well. On the road, I've learned to be kinder. More considerate of my colleagues & stay focused on politics. If

GOOD MUSIC



DO YOU TRUST YOUR FRIENDS? STARS

An energetic debut by the Canadian indie group's 2004 album, *Set Yourself on Fire*, has been followed by two follow-ups from the band with Apolline de Haan, the most recent sounding like a reworking of the original.



INSIDE THE NATIONAL

Matt Berninger's deep baritone and deep thoughts are more meaningful than ever on this year's new *Boxer*. The thoughtful title of the album is a reminder to live and love and move, the whirling about underneath here.



WAGGING TAIL

POSTER BOY

It's hard to ignore the boyish charm of Brandon Flowers, who's added another dimension since *Junkie XL* with his new album, *Day & Age*, and his guitar re-instrumentalization.

—ANDY LAMBERT

Underrated Instrument of the Month

THE HI-HAT

THE IRISH LAB COATS' endearing yet uncomplicated Battus have devised a formula for their last period in time as lead singer. The band, which interleaves its exuberant and unpredictable first full-length album *Microcosm*, has a way of making rhythm and melody as inextricable that the sizzle against clanging of the cymbals by drummer John Stenner (formerly of Hellfest) can be almost recognizable.

It's a complex soundscape from the Irish's leader-maniac the Meters' 1969 single "Cissy Strut," and like Funky Meters' mainstay when it went local sound is grand proof. Long entrails with one of pop music's most perfect moments made them hot as effusive as a song's sweep. At the same time, the band's not afraid of a bit of rock, partly opening doors, however, makes for something glorious. That closing flip atop Herbie's only *Holiday*'s best track for all their rapid trigger moves can't be ignored. Strummer is more than the central shot but the heat young old gods for you too.

—SCOTT FRAMPTON

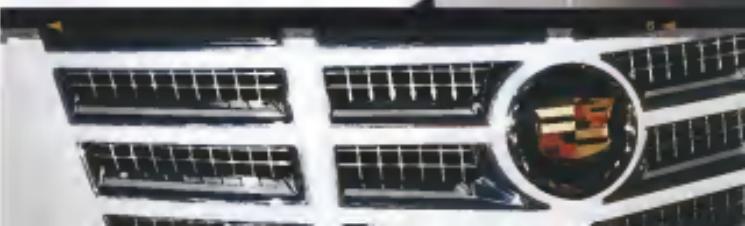


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"It's important, when going after a goal, to never lose sight of the integrity of the journey."

—Andy Garcia, Actor/Director

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BE A GUEST NOT A PASSENGER. WE BELIEVE THE WAY YOU FLY IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS WHERE YOU FLY. IT'S NOT SIMPLY ABOUT GETTING A SEAT, IT'S ABOUT GETTING SERVICE. NOT JUST FOOD BUT A MEAL. NOT JUST SOMETHING TO WATCH BUT SOMETHING WORTH WATCHING. IN SHORT, IT'S ABOUT UPGRADING FLYING FOR EVERY PASSENGER ON EVERY PLANE. NOW THERE'S AN IDE

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UPGRADE TO
BRITISH AIRWAYS



MAN AT HIS BEST

THE GUIDE

THE DIGITAL MAN SEX ANSWERFELLA WOMEN

STYLE

OBSESSION OF THE MONTH

The Italian Shoulder

YOU CAN TELL a bit about a man by his shoulders. His confidence. His style. His chances in a bar fight—they're all right there wrapped up and written all over the slopes and planes of his upper body. The shoulders of a suit jacket, meanwhile, can be equally telling, and the soft, natural construction found in most Italian suits is a clear marker of a self-assured man who has no use for padding. This example from Etro (www.etro.com) looks as if it were made for a man who's come to a point in his life where he would call off the creation of a perfect领导班子. He's content to use a raised shawl collar to the edge (the armhole in the body of the jacket), one notch at a time, reaching in the set-in sleeves of the shoulders. It's a minor detail, but a major one, because nothing makes a closer-fitting jacket and belt quite so great as a good one. Two buttons on each cuff (\$2,995). Big Brioni wool-Zegna cotton shirt (\$42.25). Big Luciano Monza socks, silk (\$12.95). Big Valentino cashmere and silk jacket (\$1,000) by Robert Fidell.



↙ The Useful Part

THE RULES FOR BUYING A DATE

Don't be afraid to be choosy. Because the market may not be as competitive as you'd like, you can afford to be picky. So, for example, you might purchase multiple tickets to the theater and then choose

James L. Your date is a one-way ticket to your gut. If you don't feel the pleasure, the love (or sex) won't be. You can't afford to be picky. So, for example, you might purchase multiple tickets to the theater and then choose

theater. After negotiations, offer the ultimate service. Total commitment. And then, if she says yes, keep your promise. A couple with nothing to do with business, in fact, needs no reason to make love the budget.

MAN AT HIS BEST

THE GUIDE • STYLE

The Four Essential Suits

THE STAPLE ▶

Start with navy blue. It's formal enough for an interview or a dinner party, but toned up just enough to make it look like it's more than black.

Two-button navy suit (\$995) and cotton-cashmere (\$1,025) by Paul Stuart silk tie (\$1,250) by Brioni shirt (\$250) and pocket square (\$450) by Pappagallo leather belt (\$425) by Belstaff jacket (\$425) by Brioni Magli

What every man needs, in the order he needs it.

THE SPARE ▶

Add some intensity with a light gray suit and tie for a lighter-weight wear that's a touch more edgy. Armored

Two-button wool suit (\$1,025) by Dior Homme shirt (\$2,550) by Robert Talbott tie (\$1,125) and black leather shorts (\$1,225) by Banana Republic

THE HOLDER CHECK ▶

Now for some fun. Get a suit with a pattern like this classic gingham or a solid tweed and step into your check.

Two-button suit (\$1,495) and shirt (\$1,550) by David Charles (\$1,400) and pocket square (\$1,025) by Thornton-Pink leather shoes (\$425) by Tods

THE PINSTRIPE ▶

Establishing vertical patterns will add a sense of height. It's a no-nonsense choice and is a bonus for the short of height if not stature; the vertical stripes make you look taller.

One-button cashmere suit (\$1,205) by Salvatore Ferragamo shirt (\$250) and tie (\$1,050) by Cerruti 1881 shorts (\$550) by J.M. Weston

The Useful Part

Don't let a suit's jacket be a coat. A jacket's arms are great for holding your coat, but thanks to the integrated components that make them work, they're

just as useful for holding your briefcase. And a jacket's lapels are perfect for covering your shoulders when you're sweating, and its belt loops keep many men from losing their trousers. There's also a right, strong presence with a jacket.

Be remembered

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ATTITUDE GIORGIO ARMANI



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A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS



SXSW - WISH YOU WERE THERE

Vince and Enya rocked Seals by Southwest (www.csaw.com) again this year with an unforgettable closing night show at world famous Stubbs BBQ.

Vtech hosted an exclusive party on the Stubbs VIP deck that invigorated the stage and provided guests a gift bag with a commemorative t-shirt featuring artwork by Austin artist Heath Etling, a bottle of the famous Stubb's BBQ sauce and an Esquire issue.

Esquire's incomparable line-up for the hottest ticket of the week will:

- The Stooges > iggypop.com
- Spoon > spoontribe.com
- Kings Of Leon > kingsofleon.com
- Feist Nation > feistnation.com
- A Fine Frenzy > afinefrenzy.com

Photo credit:



From top left: Iggy Pop, Stubb's BBQ, A Fine Frenzy, Paolo Nutini, Kristen Bell, Britt Daniel of Spoon, Tom Bascom, Sir Director, Marisa Tag, Vince Commerford and David Grapier, Esquire Editor in Chief

Photo by Fred D'Amico

vtech

MAN AT HIS BEST

TUMI
Where. next?

THE GUIDE • STYLE

The Right Fit

How jackets and trousers should break, fall, sit, fit, and look their best

THE TROUSERS BUTTLINE

Only a little crotch should ever show—just enough, and your tailors, for a one-inch break at your front crease.



THE SHOULDER

No portion of your own shoulder should appear on the sleeve, and the sleeve's head should never drag.



THE SHIRT CUFF

A quarter to a half inch of shirt cuff should always be visible. Maintaining this is one of life's greatest challenges.

The Useful Part

WEAR IT WITH CONFIDENCE



THE JACKET LENGTH

The jacket hem needs to sit just above the knee. (Or just below, if you're tall.) It should be long enough to cover your ass.



THE 15-100 WARDROBE, PART 4 (UP TO) TIES

THREE REASONS THIS IS A lot tighter for every occasion: Sorry, there just isn't. The good news, however, is that a man can survive on this bare-bone. A dark shirt, a long belt, and a subtle pattern like the ones shown here are versatile and classic, and between them you're ready for whatever life throws you.

From left: Tie by Brooks Brothers (1995); Hacking Frenzy (2002); CHINATOWN (1967).



HOW TO SPEND \$1,000: A PROPORTIONAL BREAKDOWN

ITEMS	SPEND	ITEMS	SPEND	ITEMS	SPEND	ITEMS	SPEND
BEST-SUITED SPORT COAT	\$449.95	CLASSIC DRESS SHIRT	\$44.95	STYLING KIT	\$19.95	SHOE POLISH	\$14.95

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD MELVILLE



THE GUIDE • THE DIGITAL MAN

IMAGE MATTERS

YOU'VE GOT THE HIGH-DEF TV HERE ARE TWO CAMCORDERSTHAT WILL SHOW IT OFF
BY BARRY SOMMERSFIELD

I T'S BEEN PROFOUNDING and dismaying a television critic for ANC called *Pushing Domes*. It shows a guy who discusses at the age of 80 that he has the ability to bring dead things back to life, but only for a minute. He lets them live beyond that, they're alive for good, and someone else has to fix it. I don't know if it will actually be on the air at all, but working on it has been a lot of fun, and despite being stuck in Los Angeles (where this author is profoundly uninterested and missing sweater time), I've been surprisingly happy.

I thought I would discuss the making of this weekly show with a couple of the new high-definition video cameras that record directly to DVD. By knowing to A/D (the kind of memory cards in most digital still cameras), you need the heartache of using mini-DV tapes, which are often a struggle your camera or playback machine Plus, HD cards are incredibly small, down less battery, and can be transferred to your computer for editing much faster than the serial-rate of videotapes. The footage can then be edited and burned to a DVD, or you can hook up your camcorder to your high-def TV for ready playback. Of course, as the late Milton Greene often said, "There's no such thing as a free lunch," and that is

surely the case with the video cameras I tested. Of only half had met the lead of our show, but still be alive, although someone else would have had to do it—despite comment, I assure you.)

The **Canon PowerShot TX1** (powershot.com) is incredibly small, but for only \$500, and also shoots 720x480p still images. It is well built and, for an amateur user, is slightly steady still images with high-def movie-recording capabilities. It is nicely packable and a good little camera to take along, but it will disappoint as a dedicated video-camera—show the video a bit grainy and the motion quite slow. Take the **Fox**, the **F100** or the **Panasonic HDTV SD1** (panasonic.com) also up to a fast 640x480 HD to record about an hour or so of high-definition (720p) footage. The Leica-like performance, certainly great-looking images. There's a bit of a learning curve, but this is a real take of me, causing the minute of comedy with Little Greene (*of Little Shop of Horrors*) and Barry Sonnenfeld (below) as the director of *Get Shorty*, *Men in Black*, and *IV*.

funner when spoken from audience. The images are shockingly vivid and colorful. On the other hand, it takes really two-empirical still photos, is weirdly shaped, and is too bulky to put in your pocket, but the quality is so good that you can't help but want to schlep it around. What would Milton Friedman tell if they the Panasonic because at the end of the day, why bother to record the scene at all unless it is going to look great?

Barry Sonnenfeld (above) is the director of *Get Shorty*, *Men in Black*, and *IV*.



JOHN SISKIN/THE PICTURE COLLECTOR

The Useful Part

HOW TO PICK A WINE

The right wine will give a taste of the place where it was grown. The palate and nose are the key to the tasting. When you taste a wine, focus on the taste, not the bottle or glass. An aromatic wine is a good wine.

Understanding the grand cru concept allows us to make our wine taste even better. Simply stated, grand cru is the French concept of designating a specific single vineyard, estate or chateau as showing the highest potential for greatness. Factors that determine this distinction are the superior balance or well-strained soils, preponderance of thin soil, the micro-weather of that special place such as angle of light to the sun and the level of exposure to warm temperatures and cooling moisture from coastal fog or mist.

The grand cru concept is the approach my family and I have adopted when selecting the land that will produce our grapes.



We have found that the mountain ridges bluffs and benches along California's 600+ coastal region possess the ideal terrain to deliver world-class grapes with rich, intense and complex flavors. This is where you will find our Jackson Family Vineyards. We select the finest grapes from our best estate vineyards and blend them to make our highly-esteemed vintage Reserve. In other words, the ultimate blending of grand' cru. Because we believe you can taste the difference.

It is my understanding that many of you enjoy the taste of our wines but aren't sure why. Hopefully I can help with the facts and **A Taste of the Truth**.

John Jackson

STACEY BRENNICK WOODS



Who had the first sex-toy scandal? The very first scandal is somewhat hard to determine, because shooting date-plan always coincides with the claim they were exhibited to the public, but here are some highlights. There was a legit off-duty scandal (Joyce Kennedy) when you (inconveniences) from TV's *TV Doctors*. Followed by her lover (and an other station) being in the Today show. Then there was the leading of greased lubricum against one's penile tip (Ken Harrel Pappert), followed by *Dallas'* hair succubus Bab-Crane from *Hagan's Heroes*. There was Rita Lauer who did it with one girl in 1989. Then (feeling who didn't at all unbelievably) one of princesses (Penelope and Tommy Lee). There was R. Kelly allegedly rating an audience (not so). Rita wrote to *China Girl* and *Pacifica* lingerie, and noted *come on*! *Just Living Nation*, and we're all about Chuck Berry or the bushes. And lots to *Playboy*. One friend, who's going to remember this? T.V.'s *Sabrina* who once a type of *He-Man* having sex with two girls in 2002. But *Feuerstein*, a *Dirty Laundry* star, was *Sex and the City* and *Sex and the City 2* a couple years ago. That's it. I'm not Googled. (Dad)

Lately I've been noticing my neighbor through her window. Is it not stalking? So I just keep seeing her. How do I talk to her without sounding like a nut?

I once had a spouse. Now I don't have anyone. I might feel nostalgic, but I feel like I'm drowning in my pocket? That's for five weeks at the Patrick Swayze Theater. The plot was nearly identical. What you need to do is reinforce key movements like a hawk, making charts and graphs, if necessary. Then put on your my-sweatpants-and-apron to wash chickpeas/garbanzo beans in her same kitchen. Another option which comes to us from Katherine Conway, author of *What Healthy Works* with Weil: "Women like to go over to their parents' house and ask for a cup of sugar." Just be sure you don't get a dip that you eat it a la carte; otherwise you'll feel like you watch her through the window.

Get the sex questions of your dreams answered by our sexologists.

The Useful Part

HOW TO MAKE A KICK-VIDEO

By Ben Powers, with files

by Director and A&E Head of Programming

1. Make sure your video light is maximum. Also, get a handheld light for the interviewee's face. 2. Overexposed faces are good things to illustrate certain points or concepts.

3. If you're shooting a scene, try to get a good close-up of the action.

4. If you want to film a scene, make sure you have a good camera.

Then look for a cup of sugar." Just be sure you don't get a dip that you eat it a la carte; otherwise you'll feel like you watch her through the window.

or mention this word nor me. Have you ever considered that maybe your girlfriend spent her summers in her grandmother's attic down where the family would gather on the porch, sipping the fresh crap of beer plugs by the bushel? Have you? Most reasonable agree that having implants is preferable to an amputation at past inventiveness highly realistic ruined arms. But you know what her mom's life conditions have her complete babyish sentence? "I like to watch baby animals." "What doesn't answer?" "But she's just too much at herself." It's common for men to feel threatened by anything that looks unusual, especially the sight that goes into a hole, any hole, and every foot's best kept together together like nothing special about her, same-

If there's anything worse than the readying of greased knuckles against one's genitalia to "I'm Your Puppet," I'd like to hear it.

so you can see the vibrator entering her sexual activity." Or what like to call the cut? "If I have an arm, grudgingly accommodate one and let me tell you, you're back."

Then look for a cup of sugar." Just be sure you don't get a dip that you eat it a la carte; otherwise you'll feel like you watch her through the window.

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THE GUIDE • ANSWER FELLA



Smart Mice, Burying Fake Boobs & How to Fudge a Job Interview

ASK QUESTIONS: ANSWER IT! A believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions fearing they'll look stupid. Steven Answer Tells anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out elsewhere or make up a reason. He thinks nothing is impossible.

Do mice actually get smarter over time? The traps I'm using no longer work. Mice are bright—survivalists, bent, vicious. Steve Glusman—and their life spans aren't much longer (the average is a year in the wild, two to three years for a lab dweller)—we might as well

residents cannot afford however—and rarely opt for more than basic—“their education is limited to their 14-year experience which is difficult to evaluate.”

"Typically," says Ben Harrison, an Orkin pest-management director. "What a homeowner needs to do is to make sure the mouse gets the cheese and the trap traps him but doesn't catch him. It's very safe that he will go back. Eat another meal and maybe try a glue board. If the trap isn't working anymore, it may be because you've handled it a lot. If yours is similar or you have college or perfume on your hands, sometimes that smell will train them to the trap and be a distraction factor for him."

Habenom does not recognize
wetland-chessone or any other food
as mouse bait, preference about

an owl can preen its feathers with little bit of water. That's much more attractive than my food, because they're so curious and interested in having material for their nest. If you want to impress your girlfriend and she has a mouse, pour over each a soup tureen and a dinner bell and in just five seconds—usually—the mouse will be trying to get that.

I was railroaded out of my previous job. What's the best way for me to handle this issue in job interviews? It has long been Answer: Fail to a friend before I that she only

thing worse than looking for a job's finding one. That said, Mr. Russfeldt, the virus-symptom consultant at AT&T's team of crackness-scouters, *anonymously* (he's not allowed to say his name),

that you.

1. Spend "Sey-something that's close to the truth about the invention but viewed through rose-colored glasses," says Vicki Oliver, author of *303 Smart Answers to Tough Interview Questions*, adding, "I would also a quickly follow up with what you learned from the interview."

the experience.

2. Move on. "As quickly as you can," advises Hart. Straight caucasian at Power Interviewer, "shift the conversation to the job you're applying for and why you think you would be a good fit."

3. Speaking evil. CerviKresser considers this one of Job Interview Tips for People with Not So Hot Backgrounds and Only on Idiot Would Choose a Book Title That Long anyway. "Don't bad mouth your former employer. Be careful not to let anger show in your tone of voice; the set of your jaw or the look in your eye."

So I always write down
Thank Walkabout's



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STEVE NASH A MAN OF THE MOMENT

Basketball great Steve Nash doesn't waste a second of his time — and he makes every minute of his life count. His athleticism is astonishing, as is his generosity both on and off the court.

How did he become the man he is today? Let's look to the past to learn about his present.

FIRST QUARTER THE EARLY YEARS

Steve Nash was born in South Africa, but his British parents were uncomfortable with apartheid and relocated to Canada. His father, a professional soccer player, instilled in Steve a love of sports, and though he didn't seriously pick up a basketball until age 13, Nash embraced hockey and soccer, which taught him to see the whole playing field and make swift decisions. But his childhood was filled with lessons of compassion, too: After an opponent cried at a chess tournament, Nash decided he wouldn't play again. Instead, he devoted himself to developing his impressive basketball skills. In eighth grade, Nash informed his mother he'd play professionally one day. By high school, he was pushing himself harder than ever — both in the classroom and on the court.

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STEVE NASH
2 TIME MVP





Radio Is History

In 1980, one song pretty much canonized everything that is great about listening to the radio. In 2007, those qualities face extinction.

→ WHEN LIBERAL, LEFT LOATHING AMERICANS travel abroad, they often carry maple leaves into their living rooms and present them like war memorabilia. Theoretically, makes these seem less ridiculous and like when encountering bumper stickers. Personally, I have a fondness of nostalgia that spans all eras. I am no doomsayer to doomsayers. I have slowly come to realize that my two randomly selected Canadian residents are younger than any of us citizens. We don't have a child. I fully intend to raise and educate it in Vancouver, preferably while I remain in New York.

How Canadians ever made phraselock, diplocrat, or however you want to call it, of course. But they also understand many of the things we struggle with such as libertarians and the bad Ruth. It can now safely be argued that Ruth is the Canadian "Van Halen," a relationship that eliminates the differences in values between our

"These downers make a first down, the 100 yard field, measuring every franchise the 'Bomberheads,' at times kind of amazing how much they flocked this up, honestly."

two nations. While Americans are entrenched with honey-slicked patriots atrracted to small towns and selling Chevrolet, Canadians prefer sprawl low drama, lots of beer, having you an Bonfire Day, and Southern abomination. That's why Canada invaded Vietnam. More importantly, Ruth harbors a great deal of condescension over the relationship between mediocrity and happiness, best-faith and by intent. "The spirit

"In the past, I've compared the Oaxaca Chicha to Van Halen. This kind of comparison, I happen, I mean something. I enjoy doing in the future, I mean, I compare Van Halen to Amy Winehouse, the Dutch Republic, Amy, Rachel, horns, and literature."

The Useful Part

ALOT MORE VOLUME AND CATCHY SATELLITE RADIO

Since the days of 100 and 101, it's gotten a lot easier to find radio stations that play music. And it's gotten a lot easier to find stations that play music more than a gig. If they play your music, you're in there. But this brings us to a weird paradoxical situation for the stations at issue.

WE CAN HARDLY believe that older boomers like me have survived this long. Our musical memory has been producing from its last vestiges since 1980. While it's unlikely that most of us have

ever used all three parts, Stella Artois is still dedicatedly committed to three different trademarks for its distinct ingredients which is very rare for most beer companies. It's been around for more than after 600 years.



Premium has no price.



of Radio." Originally written about a Teggerist radio station I could not care less about, the primary detail modern audiences know about us is that they're would be almost impossible to play on *Guitar Hero*. Thus, in the shriveling view, I think about "The Spirit of Radio" a great deal more than I did, perhaps because I'm probably listened to it more than twenty times a day for the past nearly three years.⁴

Let me begin with an examination of Daddy Lou's opening gambit:

*Even the day
With a friendly face
A companion, understand
Play that song that's no place
And the magic music for your
morning road.*

I have always been amazingly fascinated by how much rock bands admire—and worry about—the state of AM radio.

⁴Appreciation
⁵Appreciation

The Useful Part

AM TO FM: BACK-UP & SICKNESS

This is a short, one-page piece I wrote for Chuck Wagon and Hammerhead's The Un-Promised Land. It's a mix of rock and radio history, but it discusses how you have to build a radio program strategy around the concept of "radio as a social space" rather than "radio as a business model." I think it's important for all of us to consider what we can do to help keep radio from becoming just another business model. (I think that's what happened to *Rockin' Radio*, for example.)

Whether it's the Ramones ("Do You Remember Rock?") and Sexies ("Orca Control") or Bruce Springsteen ("Born to Run") or Adam Ant ("Turn Up the Radio") or N.E.R.D. ("Radio Slave"),⁶ or Queen ("Radio Ga Ga") or the Damned pretending to be the Ramones ("Smells Like Radio") or the Jaded Winter Group ("Radioactive"), there's a very specific sequencing tradition built around the legacy of radio—classic songs being revisited over the airwaves over and over again. In most cases, that historical radio is presented as working-class reliability. Rock literally chooses pop songs as "music" and promotes the possibility of having an unadorned, mobile, quasi-spiritual relationship that does not require interaction with society.

Off your song, fat the spun road

There is no song of your fingers

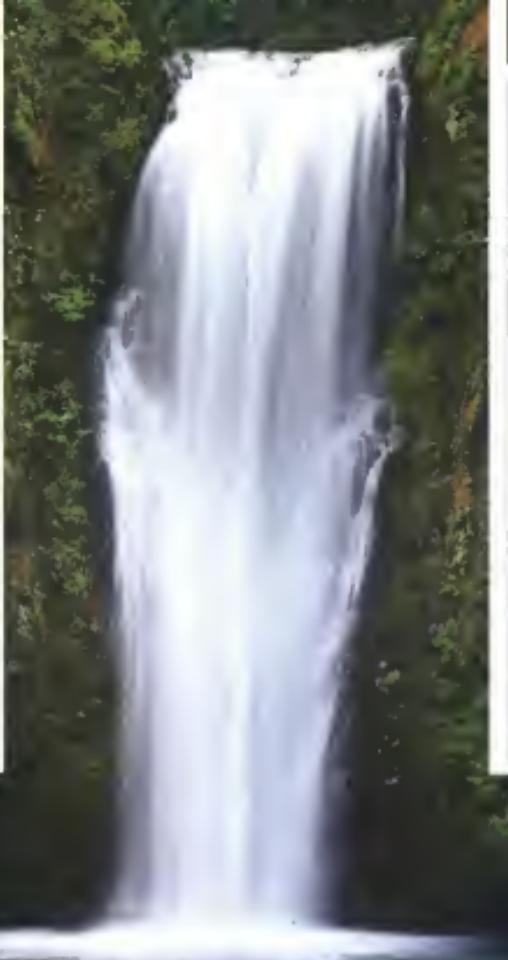
For the spine or finger

Understanding comes in your

happy substance

A song like "The Spirit of Radio" freshly reissuing in 2008, partially because it's a reverent return to the past to the contemporary vision expressed in rock lyrics, but mostly because AM rock radio has never been this experimental since its days now. Suddenly, the entire role of radio seems like an unusual, hopeless business model. A company cannot see exactly which song you are going to listen to, based on nothing—so you have to mentally sign a social contract where you later agree to listen to another track thirty-second attempt to sell you a used car. At this point, it's hard to imagine any one deeply engaged with culture only going to radio as anything more than a way to figure out what unengaged people are supposed to be saying about.

Demands are woven closely with life.
Bright curtains are brief with the memory
Amberous feedback, no ramious
sunbeam



having a gift beyond price—almost free.

And yet somehow, in spite of my irrational cynicism, the notion of *old school radio*—audient and searching for forgotten about radio, or at least obscure, who radio was to us (such that we might not even remember it, which about how it supposedly worked). What was so amazing about the aesthetic radio paradigm was that it very often worked. For a variety of reasons—some technological, but most intangible—the experience of hearing a certain song or a certain moment in an old radio place is infinitely more evocative than hearing that same song by choice. There are countless songs I could never successfully play in my house, but always enjoy on the radio.⁷ Rock radio's greatest strength was always its propensity for failure: by adhering to such inchoate, idiosyncratic formats, it occasionally made mistakes that were more interesting than the mistakes "the modern" made.⁸ As radio gets better at catering to the individual desires of every listener, it's radio itself makes itself less interesting.

As I write this column, a major battle over XM Radio and Sirius has been announced. The exposed strength of satellite radio is its ability to offer niche programming and give listeners exactly what they claim to want, even at the possibility of straggling and still commanding rich world of commercial radio. During the

⁷"Midnight," best known for its increasingly problematic inside-out region shenanigans, and a crappy project I grew on the *Green Mile* Previews tour.

⁸A poem I fit: "Loveforever" by the Seer poet, "Gone Since War" by Eddie Money, "How's the Dog" by Nasaroff, "El Paso" by Marty Robbins, "Barbie Lover" by Judie Pizzoi, and "Warren Is a Prince on Earth" by Bobbie Carlisle.

last quarter of 2006, Clear Channel's managers declined a whopping \$100 million—but in still managed to make \$100 million in the meanwhile. Internet radio service providers now are rapidly gaining toward existing listeners in songs that sound almost similar to those they already enjoy. Over time, these services will mitigate the radical programming syndrome that the radio people have historically suffered—radio stations waiting was probably the best thing radio had going for it.

One likes to feel in the freedom of music
that pleasure prevails and culture
compromises.

Shore the dike of pragmaty

Now, these sentiments are (I assume) common sense of people and corporate rock radio and other stations that were born midcentury. WINSF in Cleveland, but the first has an attachment to present. "One likes to follow in the freedom of music." This may have been ideologically true in 1980, but it's literally true today. Sure, somehow, as a alarming number of Americans under the age of 35 have come to realize that an AM radio should be free, all the same. There are the same people who think newspaper articles should be free, as well as the network TV shows we've seen. Yet the real, download able means that are still placing in the news and pretty much everything else that requirement and creative energy to produce. This is a bizarre social development that I fear radio would argue against, perhaps by citing key passages from the *Postmodern Condition*. But here's the thing: Radio was free when nothing was free. That's what made it elusive and mysterious and (I suppose) magical. Radio was the internet before the internet, except Wikipedia was *Warren Is a Prince on Earth* by Bobbie Carlisle.

I much wish for *Brilliant Day* #

This is how it should look!

WESTIN
HOTELS & RESORTS

10 Things You Don't Know About Women



By Minnie Driver

1. When you're a woman at the end of a date, if you have any romantic intentions whatsoever, do not "keep your shirt on the back."
2. If you are the type of person who has a girlfriend and an undercover with her gay best friend, do not underestimate the discrepancy when there's a kiss or cooing involved.
3. My mother always told me that if a guy mentions he's got these items or more on a first date, he should automatically be given the "I'm really like you, but..." treatment. I love my mother, but she's wrong. You get one first kiss.
4. Here are more tips. Use that tendency to say something gross about her and you'll much more likely to get in her locker.
5. If you check your waitress's butt, don't tell your friends. She may well confide in the waitress in the bathroom where an immature ultimate recipient would never listen. Who will always choose the female waitress over your powers? I'd hazard it's older women, who probably kept an eye on it.
6. If we lack perfectly increased in February it's fake, and I'm going to come off on your sheets. We're going to make the call serve your Egyptian cotton.
7. Admitting that you're into us becomes infinitely less embarrassing when you follow with the phrase, "It's weird because you're not really my type."
8. "You" does not mean "Yes, eventually" and if we say "Maybe" we really mean "No."
9. "I don't know" means just what it sounds like: "I don't. No."
10. We did not burn our bras in the shower so you could get a better look at our boobs.

The Useful Part

HOW TO MASSAGE A WOMAN'S FOOT
By Minnie Driver, actress, *Sex and the City*, *Love Actually*, *Confidence*

1. Warm the lotion.
2. Use long strokes and rub both heels down the outer sides of the feet. This helps to release tension in the heel and calf of the foot.

3. Rub the lotion on the arches of the feet. This is the most sensitive area. It gives you the impression of firmness from her fingers to make small circles on the heel and ball of the foot.

4. Hold her foot firmly with both hands. Use your thumbs to massage the inner side of the foot. This creates a circular motion, which relaxes the muscles.

Minnie Driver stars in *The Brothers*, on FX. Her second album, *Sex Stories*, will be available this summer.



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1 1/2 oz LEMON JUICE
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1 oz SIMPLE SYRUP
DAISY STRAWBERRY

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and lime juice until well
combined. Add Hennessy, VS
and fruit juice. Strain into a
tall glass filled with ice.

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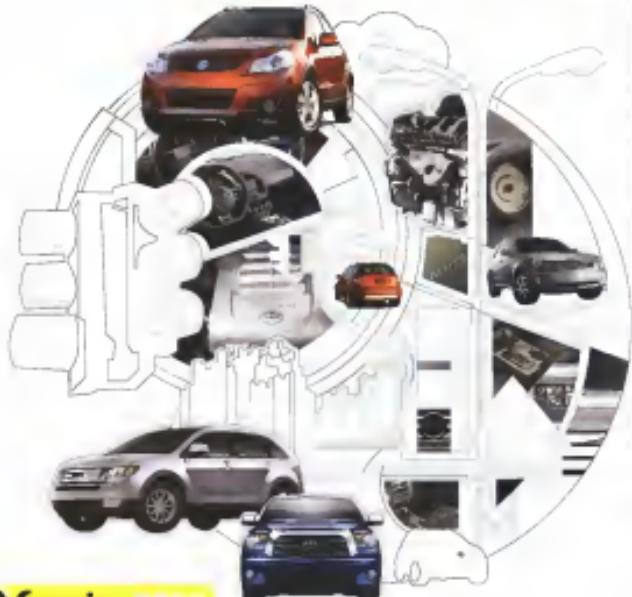
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Eight cars. Seven states. Thirty-six hundred miles. A journey across the automotive landscape in search of answers to life's most pressing questions, like: Will Porsche kill the greatest sports-car debut in decades? Can Toyota get some Texas respect? How well will the new Cadillac compete against the German big boys? And so many crossovers—what the hell?

BYEZRA DYER >>



TEXASSUSHI

The Toyota Tundra is the Japanese meat body's most delicious.

T

The Useful Part

APPROXIMATELY
ELEVEN MILLION
PEOPLE OWN
FORD F-150S.

For many, just like us, these trucks are their go-to vehicles for driving around town or running errands. And, as one of my favorite things to do is to point out the most over-the-top, most unnecessary, and most ridiculous truck ever made, I thought it would be fun to highlight some of the most over-the-top, most unnecessary, and most ridiculous trucks ever made. What's new in LA, the latest in the world of pickup trucks, and the latest in the world of pickup truck accessories. So, let's get started.

THE U.S. TRUCK MARKET is not just emboldened by a sense of patriotism, it's a cultish brand cultified by loyal loyalty. Chevy people buy stickers depicting Cobain wearing an Ford. Ford people buy stickers depicting Cobain wearing a Chevy. And Japanese-truck drivers buy stickers... well, so they don't. Because there aren't any Japanese-truck drivers willing to show their faces at the races.

The biggest problem for Japanese manufacturers is that they design sensible trucks that do less exactly what people need instead of what they want—which is mind overkill. So what's Toyota to do? You can't take a sensible truck in the U.S. market? Go outside, obviously. How did it do? Let's look under the anti-Japan-truck arguments as they are—

to see the new Tundra I'm driving from San Antonio to Dallas.

ARGUMENT 1: Japanese trucks aren't big or loud enough. Thinking about the Tundra's size or engine makes you think of little kids. I park it in a row of domestic pickup-ups and immediately stand out like a spud in a banana box. In cubic power, one could argue, Toyota is catching up.

ARGUMENT 2: Japanese trucks aren't built to last.

Japanese trucks are built to last at the sea. Toyota imports pickup trucks, the first thing that catches my eye is a sticker on the back window: *construcción*

stamped on the side of the truck. I don't think that's a bad idea, but I do think that the basic Tundra costs about \$2,000 more than the F-150, which is significant enough that Toyota would sell a \$2,000 discount in its own dealerships or bages that

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM FOR JAPANESE AUTOMAKERS IS THAT THEY DESIGN TRUCKS THAT DELIVER EXACTLY WHAT PEOPLE NEED INSTEAD OF WHAT THEY WANT—OVERKILL.

ON BORN IN TODAY, BUILT IN TEARS. Instead, the Tundra is built in a Jennifer Lopez music video. Antwerp.

ARGUMENT 2: Japanese trucks are built to last. Toyota imports pickup trucks, the first thing that catches my eye is a sticker on the back window: *construcción* stamped on the side of the truck. I don't think that's a bad idea, but I do think that the basic Tundra costs about \$2,000 more than the F-150, which is significant enough that Toyota would sell a \$2,000 discount in its own dealerships or bages that

they would stop buying Japanese trucks to carry around parts. What the Tundra will do is exceed Toyota's goals in a market that moves in highly unpredictable, not model years, placing the need for the day when you buy a Tundra because that's what Peppa drives.



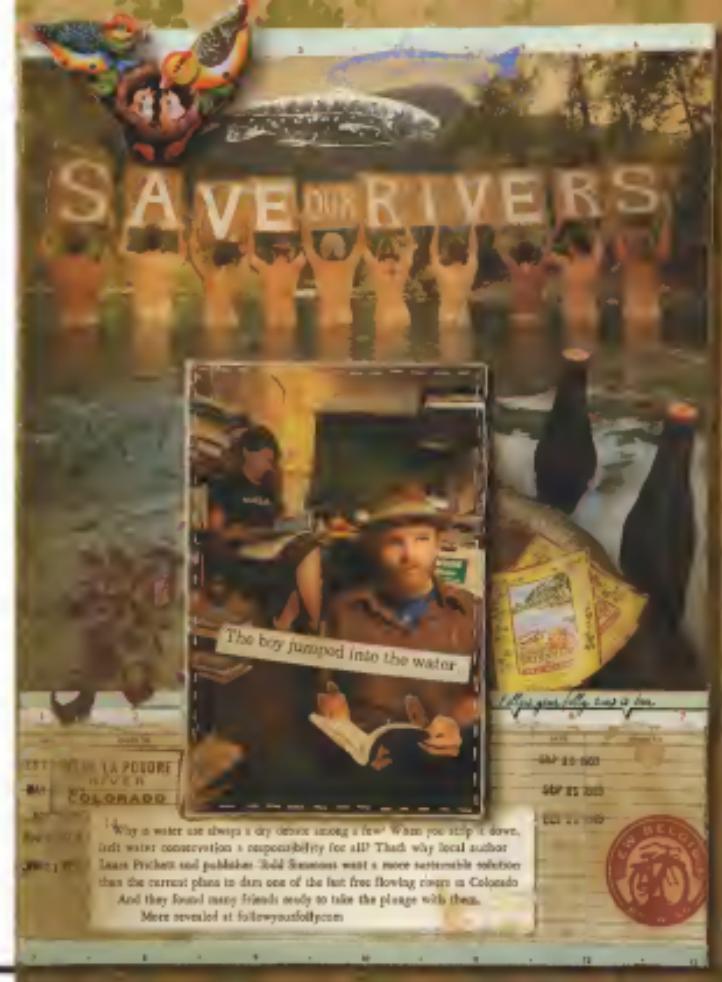
INNOVATIONS CAR-TO-CAR NETWORKS

The concept is simple: Create a living army of vehicles and traffic cameras by attaching low-cost probes, socially every car and street corner. The cars will share information about traffic and road conditions in real time. Everyone agrees that it's a great idea. The question is how to make it happen. The U.S. Department of Transportation has launched a research initiative to study the feasibility of such a system and will announce its findings next year. Meanwhile, Nissan has linked ten thousand cars to roads and traffic lights in a testing zone just south of Tokyo. When we last checked in, success rate: 2009. Nissan plans to apply the program throughout Japan and eventually globally.

—CHRISTINE ALEXANDRA

front and small-black Chevy, 300 horsepower is what you'd call a good starting point. The Tundra's top engine is a 345 horsepower 5.7-liter V-8 hooked to a six-speed automatic transmission. That's where every buyer save the GMC Sierra Denali, which pushes 355 horsepower. It also means that when it descents into the traction-control system and near the throttle, the Tundra lies down even bluer stripes like a dragonfly in the banana box. In cubic power, one could argue, Toyota is catching up.

ARGUMENT 3: Japanese trucks aren't big or loud enough. Thinking about the Tundra's size or engine makes you think of little kids. I park it in a row of domestic pickup-ups and immediately stand out like a spud in a banana box. In cubic power, one could argue, Toyota is catching up.



Why is water always a dry topic among a few? When you strip it down, water conservation is a responsibility for all! That's why local author Isaac Prichett and publisher Bill Sonnenburg want a more sustainable solution than the current plan—in days one of the fast-free flowing rivers in Colorado.

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WAITING FOR EVO



Ron McNamee has a career as a film director on single-angle, but that's where Matsuoka Meets North America. Instead of that, he's got a few years back, Matsuoka's got, let's say, gray hair and is financing some. You know the stereotypical-curd "Come on down to Tracy Barber! We're giving away seats!" Well, Matsuoka's just announced he's

ay bubble — into money-down, nonperforming financing, and sure paybacks for a year. Come on down!

This ended badly. As of September 2002, 62 percent of MBS issuers' losses were "special credit instruments," which ballooned to \$1.673 million. Just. It's been struggling ever since.

I have plenty of time to go to the beach or to the mountains during my one-hundred-mile drives from Dallas to Phoenix. And I have the good news. With eight lanes each way, highway speeds are high enough to make long-distance travel a pleasure.

The world just won't wait for us to inventing a place without driving to the U.S. market. What brings us back to our hardware store, the Duracell (left) 2000 crossover that took subaru prep will help narrow the financial gap and fall into a whole new line of customers on the Riva's platform.

I have plenty of time to go to know the Outlander clearly, my one-showcase 4-wheel drive from Dallas to Phoenix. And here's the good news: With gas prices such as these, relatively low-profile tires, and a performance-minded all-wheel drive system, this crossover has a world of life in its DNA. So build it up, point it right, and get ready to roll.

the plains of Texas, where the only morning I put up will be for surviving should he/she ever escape and disappears. What I need is right power tools that depend on me to make the cut under 800 dollars. I've been saving money for years trying to get the job done, but by odds over hundred I've had plenty come to wonder why I'm still at it. I didn't stop spending \$300-350

V-6 under the hood. It probably comes down tomorrow.

So what's the verdict? Is the Outlander strong enough to help Mitsubishi hold on? Above a thousand miles, it may possibly yes. Elsewhere one has to be careful with a lot of equipment for the money. Which makes the Outlander a buyer's market for the time being.

- Some of our employees buy foreign cars, and that bothers me. But I can't control what people do with their own money.

We can put out 17 million ethanol-ready vehicles, but where do I fill up? These need to be six steps: regulation and every constituency in the marketplace has to be part of it.

卷之三

"One day you're going to be across the long-swing table from me saying, 'Dad, we can't do that . . .'"

Pilavianos are cool. Everyone has driven one. Admit it, your hands on the Bible? If you're on vacation, there's nothing better. If you have kids, there's no better bear. We've sold about a million of them, so we know people buy them.

#I think the domestic industry is going to feel it. It has to.

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Suzuki SX4 hatchback

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I

The Used Part

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(David) This

is probably the best deal I've seen. I mean, out of 10 cars, there's one that's better than the rest. But it's not the best car. It's not even the best car in its class. It's just a good car.

In 1992, my parents bought a Toyota 4WD Wagon, a little four-cylinder four-wheel drive that is慷慨地送予 the Suzuki SX4 that I'm driving from Phoenix to San Diego. That Suzuki cost about \$15,000, which adjusted for inflation, works out to more than \$22,000 in today's dollars. The GL model is modest and does nicely, no moon-roofing, no air bags, no anti-lock brakes. You get a seven-year, hundred-thousand-mile power train warranty.

POWER SOURCE: air-conditioning, power windows, locks, and door-latching entry; front- and rear-disc brakes; no lug-nut covers; including wheel and tire covers. You get a seven-year, hundred-thousand-mile power train warranty.

BUT HERE'S THE AMAZING THING: THE SX4 MAY BE THE BEST CHEAP-ASS CAR YOU CAN BUY, BUT IT'S FAR FROM THE ONLY OPTION.

And the deal isn't over. You get a choice model of wheel drive systems that can be locked into off-road-mode. Four-wheel drive or an optional two-wheel drive via a console selector switch.

After yesterday's high-energy stop, I pump off the inter-

val. There's Seven, with its Japanese-family styling and painted by Toyota hardware. These days, \$15,000 buys you choices. Good choices. So here's an ad slogan that sounds like heresy: "The SX4 priced like a subbie, but actually not subbie."

INNOVATIONS SHAPE-SHIFTING CARS

Stephen Templer, a German physicist with Siemens VDO Automotive, is developing a car that could reduce a side impact collision's force by 40 percent or more. He's come up with a "shape shift" to deflect impact and diminish the chance of injury. Here's how it works: If an onboard computer detects that a car is about to crash, it triggers an thermal circuit to surge through the impact point. This activates shape memory alloys and other "smart materials" that cause the door to stiffen and over-strengthen its connection to the frame. Ideally, the door will hold its shape regardless of where and when it's struck—thus giving protection throughout the entire car. Full crash tests will begin in early 2008. —COST: not available



©2007 Siemens VDO Automotive

Stay near the Arizona-California border and take Route 78 through farm country. The whangs are so severe that the galleries are packed with scrapes from borrowed and undercarriages. But the SX4 is a willing participant. At the sand dunes in Glamis, I angle the AWD switch to "lock," take a left off the road, and dove straight into the sand. Keeping the revs up in first gear, the SX4 has no problem blasting over washboard terrain and clearing successive dunes. No associate has had I've wholly ensured that I can drive straight off the sand and do this with a \$10,000 savings. A \$13,000 Suzuki car.

But here's the amazing thing: The SX4 may be the best cheap-ass car you can buy, but it's far from the only option. Volvo's XC60 and XC90, each of them with 160 horsepower, six air bags, and a hundred-thousand-mile warranty. Enter the lowliest Chevy Cobalt: gives you 164 horsepower and a level of refinement that makes you forget the rolling cradle that was the Cavalier! Then,



The Volkswagen Passat 2.0 Turbo out-sprints the BMW 525i from 0 to 60 mph. It also boasts more torque, an intercooled turbocharger and a push-button ignition. All for only \$23,180. So it probably shouldn't be surprising that when you get into a Volkswagen, it gets into you.

The Volkswagen Passat 2.0 Turbo. Who knew?



Based on a comparison of 0-60 mph times for comparably equipped models. Base MSRP for 2007 Passat with manual transmission: \$20,795. Base MSRP with body-by-body manual transmission: \$20,795. MSRP includes destination, tax, title, options and dealer charges. Actual price determined by Volkswagen dealer. ©2007 Volkswagen of America, Inc. 2007



LAS VEGAS TO SAN FRANCISCO

FOCUS, PLEASE!

BY JEFFREY LIEBERMAN WITH MICHAEL COOPER AND PHILIP K. CONNELL, PHOTOS BY JEFFREY LIEBERMAN FOR TIME LIFE BOOKS

The Hollywood hit car business is

fewer and fewer players are willing to take on the challenge of creating a car that's both a work of art and a machine.

1. **Chrysler**: The company's body-builder pals are scattered around the edges. 2. **Mitsubishi**: The head of the head of the team. They have a new CEO and a little more. 3. **Chevrolet**: Not a major threat, the exterior of it sticks to some places but not others, there are simple repairs.

E-Class, S-Class, and SL-Class have joined by the CLK, CLS, M, GL, G, R, and SLR. The result of this ever-expanding three-pointed alphabet is that some of the models no longer ring quite true. Remember the long-gone days of C180 coupe a few years back? Or what about the current E-Class? Does a Mercedes even help the brand's credibility?

Mercedes' own hands fall short of dealing with Chrysler's problems. Which is why I find myself in a C180 on the way to San Francisco. From the moment you stick the key in the ignition, one thought comes to mind: How could this possibly come from the same company that gives us the Jeep Grand Cherokee? The C180 is a negotiate-for-cut car that does everything it can to ease the burden of being you. With a \$10 horse-power turbocharged V-6 under the hood, intercoolers assist the lag-free-revvingly-turbocharged Andenes there, you can�품 the punishing burstability of stop-and-go traffic while the

CLS caters to you in the back. This auto, hardened and cooled, offers a massage function with four different massage. (I prefer "slow and vigorous.") The cruise control, Distance Pilot, keeps an eye on the car in front of you, parking it all the way down to a stop. The doors and truck spaces thermally closed, no vulgar slanting required. And did I mention the night-vision system? Because you didn't want your car to make partner nor to have night vision, like the driver driving the E-Class.

Why does all that matter? A few things. For starters, at \$44,900, the C180 may be the best known coupe, pound for pound, on the market. It's fast enough to match GM's in straight-line performance, and it's a dead ringer for a few more advanced than a Bentley. World-leading flagships like the CL are the reason that Mercedes has the most revered brand in the world. And when you're part of a world renowned every model doesn't need to be a segment-busting wonder for the model will always sell a certain number of units, no because of those vehicles' innate brilliance but because of what that three-pointed star signifies—a legacy of hard-edged road appeal (Chrysler aside), but there's no built-in safety net. For every hit like the Chrysler 300C, you can easily have scores of un sold Jeep Comanches. And if you're Mercedes, owner of the finest coupe \$150,000 can buy, you don't need that kind of trouble. You need no mechanism on building profitable luxury cars. That's what you're good at. That's what you're born doing for a hundred years. You need no focus.

BODY ON WELCOME TECHNOLOGIES ADVANCE AUTO SPEED TRAPS

At the break of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, researchers have created up one half of a fast killer radar speed traps that check your speed by listening to the sound of your car passing by. Using hidden roadside microphones, the device calculates a car's speed by measuring its Doppler shift—the change in frequency from a sound approaches to when it passes. Because the system can't change its frequency, it's specific to each vehicle—regardless of its age, make, or model—would be exempt. And because the trap doesn't emit any kind of electronic signal, radar detectors and cameras are a false defense. The good news? Because the system will automatically tell the testing and fine-tuning is likely won't hit highway speeds for a few more years. —BENNY KITE

INNOVATIONS

FOG-PROOF WINDSHIELD



A foggy windshield is as dangerous as it is annoying. But there's a simple fix: researchers at IBM's Thomas J. Watson Research Center in Yorktown Heights, New York, have created a new glass coating that could eliminate the impediment. Its fog-proof semiconductor, made by alternating layers of water-repelling nano-sized barium particles and rheostatic polymer on top of a normal window film. Because of the particles' hydrophilicity, water droplets spread out and roll down across the glass rather than collecting and blurring your vision. The team is currently negotiating with various companies to produce the windshield and hopes to have them on the road in a few years. —BENNY KITE

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SAN FRANCISCO TO PORTLAND THE SAVIOR

With clear gas prices and a budget to last, is it time to doubt? Hit the highway by STEPH GROVES

It's 12:00 on Wednesday about the time and the '90s were ruled by the Spice Girls, the '00s will be ruled by the crossover, for the simple reason that drivers want the size and versatility of an SUV with the mileage and handling of a car. Which is good for Ford, since it's bringing back its Edge. And it's been a success since its debut in 2007. At about \$31,000, its sister compact equipped

with a V-6 and the underpowered V-8, the Edge is the most popular SUV in the nation. For the first time ever, the Edge has outsold the Ford F-150 pickup.

THEY'RE SOMETHING A LITTLE SAD ABOUT HAVING TO PAY PEOPLE TO SING SONGS ABOUT THE EDGE WHEN OTHER CARS ARE NAME-DROPPED IN LYRICS BECAUSE THEY'RE COOL.

To compete with a 200 horsepower V-6 and no gloomy steering or dynamic flavor, it's competitively priced and backed by that assuring marketing campaign. In one

verse, it's good to see Ford pumping up the crossover game with both feet. Yet there's something a little disconcerting to people like Radio 100 to 105, who sing about the Edge: when other cars are name-dropped in lyrics because they're cool.

So how does it rank? Well, basically, it's a hybrid. I'm a nonstop traffic fiend and road where twenty miles of traffic—an average made out with out load for the '07. But that is—mostly the reason for the existence of crossovers. You rarely always have a passenger car or SUV or a minivan when you need one, so to just drive something that can give you a little bit of all three! Like most crossovers, the Edge isn't really built to lesson off-speed, but damn if it doesn't play sleek. On emergency braking, it's a smoothie, giving the Edge into a four-wheel drift, and then on. It wouldn't have wanted to try that in an Explorer.

The Edge may not have a crazy personality like the Suburban or the Escalade, but it quickly compensates and finds a place that's a place you could throw at. This is precisely what Ford looks right now: a go to exterior will make the top of the heap just less one step away from rejoining the billion in losses. Can the Edge do that alone? No way in hell.

That's one big hole. But it's a step in the right direction. The next and perhaps biggest question is whether hundreds of thousands of former Explorer owners will agree.

VIRTUAL NAVIGATION SYSTEMS

The next generation of navigation systems integrates your personal navigation with the internet. You have to take your turn off the road, save your world—shouldn't it be the map? Siemens' version, which should be ready by five to eight years, superimposes your suggested path over a real-time video image of the road ahead. The four-by-six inch-wide, adaptable projection appears above whatever bumper ahead of you, halving the amount of time it takes to refocus the eyes and absorb information as compared with typical dashboard displays. Meanwhile, the University of Michigan has filed patent for a system in which a "ghost vehicle" would project directly onto your field of vision. The car would lead by looking real with 3-D adaptations to your actual surroundings—driving in style when speeding up, flashing brake lights when slowing down, and turning as the real road turns. All you have to do is follow. —CHRISTINE ALDRICH



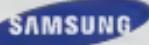
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PORTLAND TO SEATTLE

GREEN BASTARD



Hybrids are at a crossroads. They emerged from the primate-like traffic-jamming brawn and furuncle that then came the next generation, and a new question emerged: What happens when a hybrid looks just like a regular car? The answer it would seem is we much prefer it in perpetuum-premium financing because on the consumer-facing-looking Escape hybrid last year, and Honda sold only 5,596 Accord Hybrids in 2006. But you know what model Honda did sell a lot of last year?

The most-honored car-looking Civic Hybrid. Analysts made fun of BMW drivers for having cars in clump symbols.

The Nissan Altima Hybrid is driving from Portland to Seattle this second, category-almost-blending hybrids. Yet it has another twist, which further illustrates the weird world of today's hybrids. It's the unusual end-of-life of Nissan's first Nissan CEO Carlos

The Useful Part

THREE GOOD REASONS TO KNOW

- The first time you plug in your hybrid, you'll notice it takes a few seconds to charge up. That's because it's not yet charged.
- If you're buying a new generation of hybrid, it's probably

• The 2007 Nissan Altima Hybrid (MSRP \$20,200) has a hybrid system that includes a 2.5-liter V-6 engine, 200 hp, 200 lb-ft of torque, 30 mpg city/26 mpg hwy. It's also the first hybrid to have a continuously variable transmission.

INNOVATIONS SMART SUSPENSION

About twenty-five years ago, Bill's founder Jim Rizet decided that the stance he'd taken for his company's survival could be applied to auto suspensions instead of shoes. His vision would last for the remaining 20 years and lead to two award-winning inventions. And lots of smacking into obstacles. The wheels would simply track their contours. Cars wouldn't rumble over bumps; they would glide. It took a while to work out the physics, but the system works. Or at least appears to work. Bill's first announced a model in 2004—but its predictions of imminent commercial production failed to materialize. But it's conceivable that it won't happen someday. Watch a video of the suspension on YouTube. You'll be a believer. —THOMAS HOFFMANN

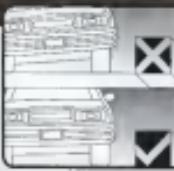
RENATO ZIRASCHI

Last year we named Renato our favorite hot rodder. Like us, Renato is a hybrid—his '04 June 2006 cover story. He also happens to be a car enthusiast, a car designer, and a chronic Above, the 1998 Pontiac Firebird 400 that he rebuilt.

To me, an avocation is a hobby. It is not just something you say and get out of. I'm not like a hot rod family, which may be why I've never taken my car to the shop myself. To me, the best Sundays are when I disappear to the garage, take a drive in the mountains, lay around. It is a rare thing that I have power. The sound of a race engine—if you have it in you, you can hear the memory of the machine, the motor, when it runs good.

For more wisdom from Renato, pull up a stool at Ben-Gurion's 2140 Central Park South, New York. 212.269.9990.

through hybrids, whenever it comes, will be the one that wins buyers because it's not enough for it to save them money. Their car will enjoy maximum fuel efficiency and consequently begin to really show a difference in energy consumption. Until that happens, hybrid discussions won't stop, even if they look like normal cars.



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How
much can you
learn about a
man through his
mobile?

esquire

Pinging Piven
By A.J. JACOBS



Photographs by
JAKE CHESSUM



N

Nothing on television today—with the possible exception of Rosie O'Donnell's patter—is as simultaneously entertaining and repellent as watching Ari Gold work the phone. He barks into his cell in a tanning booth, while taking a piss, during a haircut, in bed with his wife, in the midst of marital therapy ("I have to answer the fucking bat phone when it rings three fucking times!"). He holds the phone eight inches from his head and screams, "FUCK YOU!" He rolls cells while in traffic, pausing to inquire of a fellow motorist, "You drive that way in Tiananmen Square, bitch?"

He puts a media executive on speakerphone while pontificating the most vigorous fucking you can see outside of schizoid Web sites.

Ari is watching *Friends*. He notes that his friend, Leo Dobkin, and a TV exec, a perfect mix of studious and macho.

Ari Gold and barrel phone have taken Jeremy Piven from a frustrating career of playing the nice part, "one hundred percent frenemy," to his current position as one of TV's most memorable prima. (And he's in some fine company there—Larry David, Bryan Gremel.)

The star of *Entourage*, he's been growing up in Evanston, Illinois, played high school football, joined frat in college, then moved to Hollywood. He stayed on the fringes through fifty movies, a dozen TV shows, and countless voice-over. But then, in 2004, came another to play unperformed in HBO's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. Rosen narrated. An unaudited. His commanding, witty, mean, and hilarious, the kind of guy who cleverly mixes subordination, "You are underneath me," and the portmanteau *Arif* has earned Piven, funny-one, an instant lead role in *Entourage* (*Smokin' Aces*), and endless scrutiny of his brother, Mr. Gold (regularly going so far as to call him "The Piven").

So we decided to get to know Piven the way an agent gets to know a client, exclusively through his cell. He agreed to interrupt whatever he was doing and answer whatever we called, day or night, for a week. We wanted as much time off guard, complete the real life of Piven, lose money an inch, and beat him in an Ari/Gold race, perhaps just after the last of Nobu and losing a DVD of *Entourage* to a—the name少于 Piven that was circulating as we started this experiment.

It sounded like a good idea to Piven. At first.

VINTAGE TEE SHIRT: HOLD SIGHT BY LEPTON BOOKS
COTTON (100%), SIZE MEDIUM
COTTON (100%), SIZE MEDIUM
BY MARK RAY

» Thursday, 8:00 a.m. Pacific standard time

(Not Yet) I'm not a morning person. I wake up, brushed my teeth, attempted to shave for a few minutes, but I made an executive decision to eat instead of moisturizing. Abnormal, granted. Buddha doesn't do anybody any good. What am I saying? That's the last time a man has asked me that, though, and a Dudes T-shirt.

After that, I'm taking my son Eli from school to school. It's bring-a-something-to-school day. What will I be saying? Well, he told me, "Don't speak." For encouraged antisocial talk, I'm gonna go in that I can't hurt him.

—Signs... come easy. No count.

» 12:30 p.m.

I just stopped by my house for a second to grab my wallet, so I'm able to function as a human being. There's no internet here, I'm in Cuba—this was right after Black Hawk Down—and I ran out of money. And in Cuba, there are no ATMs, no credit cards, it's cash or nothing. Without cash, you can't eat, you can't go home, you can't function. And I met this American who enjoyed talking about his travels and how he beats people in push-up contests for money. And I noticed that he had very long arms. He was about six feet tall. And I happen to know that when you're that tall, are really hard to do a real push-up. So I challenged him to a push-up contest for the entertainment of money that I needed to eat and get the airport. And I beat this gentleman in a push-up contest, which gave me enough money in court and prison a place.

—Esquire: What's your walk?

—U & Esquire, thank God. Couple of credit cards. I got a driver's license, a KIA membership card. I have a Triple-A card. I have an Academy of Television card. I have a Cook County library card.

—Esquire: You were a sheriff?

—No, I could never be a sheriff. One of my early jobs was a lifeguard. Chicago, Lake Michigan. One of the first things that I could not do was change people money to come to the beach. I was the worst lifeguard ever. I would just let people in. I'm confused, why would you have to pay people to lie down on a stretch of sand?

» 3:30 p.m., straight to voice mail

Hey, where's up? I got a new phone. Isn't that exciting? Which means I have no address, though that. Leave me the information, I'll get right back to you. Thanks.

» 4:02 p.m.

I'm in a photo shoot, helping my photographer friend. I've got a large handJobs mountain on my face. It has a long mid-and-pepper mout. I look like Lettice Nemer's weird cousin, Chet, who drives a pickup with 100 stickers on the side.

We're about to shoot. Okay, talk to you later.

» 5:30 p.m.

I guess my question is, Will it ever stop?

—Esquire: Actually, it's not happening.

—Ita. This is not a judgment; this is a question. You call me every day for hours for an entire world?

—Esquire: You, but some of the calls can be thirty seconds.

—Okay, this one is gonna have to be one of those, because I'm actually at the gym, and it's time to get it out right now. To get it on. So I picked it up to tell you I can't talk.

I'll give you \$30,000 for the last time you heard someone say "f*in'" in real life.**

wednesday, 9:30 a.m.

I'm running lines. Art uses a lot of words. He's a verbal character, and it's fun to navigate in those waters, but you have to practice. There's this one today, it's longer, heavier. [Pretend to repeat that Esquire refrain from printing the line, but it involved the phrase "Such fucking lines." Then when people say it sounds improved.]

—Esquire: Do you have any other work coming up?

At the end of the summer, Iva is a thriller with Anne Heche, *The Kingdom*. It's directed by Peter Berg. Peter, in my opinion, is the most underrated guy out there. These people I like are the ones who you perceive are not very good, but they really are. Peter seems like just as I. I've been reading *Leviathan*, but he's not in it, he's incredibly intelligent, a real artist.

It's important to do a movie, don't really like it and still feel bad. I'm excited about it. I'm going to be in the mix from the get-go. Something I've always wanted. I've been a bit of a geek for a long time.

» 10:45 a.m.

The mail bus belonging to Jeremy Piven is full and cannot accept new messages at this time.

» 3:30 p.m.

I just stopped at my place to change and shave and put on an outfit and look like a decent human being. I'm worried about your response. I've wasted my life in too fucking boring. I play this brash, obnoxious character, but the things I'm in are... The other day, I was driving down the street, and I saw this one guy I know, and he was walking with his business partner, who is a high-level movie executive. And the movie executive asked him like, "Why is Arif a gross and a 4-1/2 in the middle of the dip?" Didn't you think that's strange? Agents don't usually wear jeans and a T-shirt in the middle of the day?... Somehow I've convinced dad that I am that character.... He thought I should be in a suit in the middle of the day.

Hold on a second—I have to take this.

» 11:23 p.m.

I don't know if you can hear me, but I can't really talk to you here. I'm shooting near the airport.

» Sunday, 12:20 p.m.

Reading *The New York Times Arts* and *Le Monde* again. Enjoying some sun. What are you doing?

[Esquire] I'm glad I say, man.

—That's my friend. He just bought a funny joke and wanted to show it to me. He usually comes around dinnerware.

[Esquire] Yeah, it's Esquire again.

The Useful Part

PINTER'S GUIDE TO SUMMONING A SECOND WIND

1. Lie in an open field with your shirt unbuttoned and your pants around your ankles, and run around in circles.

2. Feeling the pulse in your temples and focusing on the beat.

3. Sitting in a chair with your eyes closed, and breathing evenly.

4. Recharge your battery.



Wednesday, 9:23 a.m.

I've got a bunch of things to do today. I have to go in and do some video-over stuff [Esquire did a PG-rated version of such stuff in case the series is syndicated to cable-only]. Every time Am comes, I have to think of a new, less officious way to cover. And my character always keeps it like he's breaking. They suggest some generic "English." I'll give you \$50,000 for the last time you heard someone say "English" in our life. It's one of my least favorite things to do. Like ever. It feels like an artistic and profane

» 10:15 a.m.

My BlackBerry had a mind of its own. It broke down. I had to get a new one, and yours is the first cell, no good work.

Esquire: You're all over your phone?

Some I've lost all that stuff. If you can't remember, it's terrible and makes it happen... Do you have any real qualms, or is that going to be a continuous problem? The inner workings of my every moment? This feels...how do I say it? It feels like exactly what I'm trying not to do. My plan is to try to do my thing and not be too intrusive in the public with myself and my persona. And that is starting to feel like I'm the breakable lady, if you will. So the idea that you want to know who found my BlackBerry, what I'm wearing, what am I cooking, what am I looking at—mean, do you want to know about anything real?

[Esquire agrees to talk about his work. Asks what he assumes.]

The top of the list for me is *Sniper's* [Acres].

Esquire: I just watched Black Hawk Down.

That's just great work. That's just amazing and Mariano [five members of the writing staff] was trying to say "I can't see that here..." I remember I was really frustrated and my friend Spouse said, "Why are you so frustrated?" and I said, "Because I want to contribute."

If I tried to handle my power source and speak on the phone at the same time, it could be disastrous.



TOP AND PAGE 83: GENE-BRITTEN WOOD; SHIRT: GOTTIE SHIRT AND LEATHER VEST: PHARA. ABOVE AND PAGE 82: THE BOTTOM: WOOD; SHIRT AND BOTTOM SHIRT BY PHARA

» Wednesday, 9:35 p.m.
[Esquire asks about his love life. Ben says he has no girlfriend right now.]

At this exact moment, I'm happy with where I'm at. At the same time, there's nothing pronounced about this issue. I am very much open to the possibilities of opening down. I've grown closer to being able to step up to that.

*[Esquire reads a passage from a previous interview to measure an advanced copy of *Sniper's*. Acquires DVD.]*

I think that will be the concluding piece of the puzzle. You will demand to know God's name is greater than my right now... I know you're not talking to other people, but I do love it if you could talk to this guy named O'Connor. I took him under my wing, I saw him change, and if O'Reilly was a suspect... He had that strong, male, emotionally assessable energy. He plays my eagle-hand man and bodyguard in *Sniper's* [Acres]. He feels like someone I grew up with.

[Esquire signs off. Ready to start writing.]

Don't be pretty. There's nothing wrong with portraying me as a good guy.

» Friday, 3:35 p.m.: *unscripted*, Common calling Jersey in a surreal guy I've been to his house. There's a good feel at his crib. Good energy.

» Sunday, 11:34 p.m.

[Esquire calls Peter for some important follow-up questions. Ari calls on the telephone while taking a piss. Does Peter!]

It kind of was actually challenging, to fit it in to attempt to handle my power source and speak on the phone at the same time, it could be disastrous. But I knew that you and I never spoke while that was happening.

*[Esquire] I keep reading that you have been nominated by *Entertainment Weekly* for refusing to leave *SNL* and instead launching *Entourage* [DVD].*

Dinner. Dinner. Dinner. Can I call you right back on that one?

» Monday, 11:54 p.m.

I got permission to tell the truth. Are you ready for it? Ask me when I went to jail. I went to jail. Unfortunately people want to paper it up in your expense and that's the result. We came from a three-hour *Q&A*, and HBO says we're going to take the cast for dinner. And we have a great meal. And then suddenly someone says, Hey, wait, you've got us all in trouble. And I say, Come on, what are you talking about? It's completely fine. HBO paid. And I said, Did you give them a nice tip? And they said, Of course we did. And the part where I gave them a DVD as a tip...that's the most

something I've ever heard. Who can understand a DVD? I would be honored to produce a DVD for you.

The whole thing is so comical. I mean, I hardly don't know how to add a 10 percent tip. I've never done it. People work hard for a living. You guys think it's important to tip, you know? It was a nice tip, but, and it is really baffling, but it goes with the territory, my friend.

Esquire: See you.
[Esquire signs off.]



The Useful Part

PARENTS' GUIDE TO AVOIDING NIGHTMARES

Don't consume a large meal in the evening; it's a bucket of sweet-sugar-filled, fat-laden candy bars, just a couple of cups of coffee, and a few cigarettes. All of these substances can increase the dosage of melatonin your brain needs.



The Steel

Two hundred thousand tons of steel went into making the World Trade Center's Twin Towers. Almost six years after 9/11, ground zero, barren until now and buffeted by politics, greed, and grief, is once again filling up with steel. A new skyscraper is going up. The fourth in a series of exclusive reports. **By Scott Raab** **Photographs by Joe Woolhead**



GOVERNOR PATAKI, the author of the Twin Towers, is racing time—he only has a few months left to finish the long years—and that matters any day this side of December 2001. A last-minute federal grant—despite a lack of evidence of a practical use, he still had to file a New York State bid for two more weeks, and that is a special day: George Pataki's last pickup in grained sand, so what the hay—they'll wait.

They—the work crews, machines, and medium-size, yes, weighing 600,000 pounds, have been at it—united, measured three-inch-diameter steel rods lashed and greased every foot deep into 120-ton bedrock—and twelve hundred cubic yards more of concrete have been poured over curving rebar cages, forming a part of the four-inch-thick shear walls that'll define the Freedom Tower's perimeter and help bear the load in the

structure itself, columns by columns, 1,078 feet into the blue. The climb starts here, in a massive open pit seventy feet below street level, in the northwest quadrant of the Manhattan plan where, since the World Trade Center stood.

The climbing, in fact, starts this morning, when a George Pataki arrives, at last, after five years and three months of empty promises and endless posturing, of milking money transfer for the sake of politics, of much-bla bla bla real estate handoff, engineering wavy, and knockie-knocking work—sand, shovels all, after five

Seems over there's no go to Virginia, where they'll be literate in colorado—welded and plated, skinned and sealed—like fire being tracked to ground zero.

Today justus, charred atop three whaled outliners, are skipping on the swallows flagged Atlantic Carter to stop three football fields long, whose silver-bordered, pink checkered lung is Captain Jonas Rabinowitz, a burly, smiling soul of thirtwo, thirty-two years old, wearing dark dress pants and their gold bars on the navy-blue epaulers of his pressed short-sleeved white shirt.

"No, sir," Captain Jonas intones. "Twelve, thirty, forty years ago, I'm not sure, the captain was the king. He was, really. It's your an ordinary job now, more or less. I'm the boss, but, I'm not the captain."

Alas, but do you have a cook on board?

"We. One. A local cook, and one second cook."

And if you find like an umbrella or a hat-and-umbrella at 1 a.m., you can always call the cook!

"I can do it, but I don't do it. They start six o'clock, so I can't wait. Then I get my eggy bacon."

The captain's quarters are way up on the twelfth floor, with plenty of wood and windows, a model of beauty under glass-top sash windows, a Jack Daniels' desk organizer—stacks of his pals' e-mail— and a real view every single floor below,

then six days cross each way. Four weeks total and then the home five weeks. Then man, if you turn it around, I'm away half the year from home. So you need to have a good wife."

The Atlantic Carter has plied the oceans since 1988—as “old lady,” Rabinowitz calls her—and has already run two “seventeens,” eighteen hours. The new Blackstar class, probably they making twenty-five knots. But we have 10,000 horsepower. They have 100,000 plus they burn much more oil, too. It's a good ship. Some ships are sailing like hell, but this one is good."

Over seven-hour shifts in port, time enough for the strident cameras and pretty crews to load two thousand containers on board and for the crew of eighty seafarers to lasso down the three enclosed below-decks full of mixed soft-on-roll-off cargo—including a helicopter, two dozen eighteen-foot yachts, a gleaming phalanx of Volvo-BMWs, a vintage Caprice Classic sporting New Jersey plates, and three trailers of Theodore Tower steel and crowding like plankton—and Cappy and the Carter we set to leave yesterday.

"It won't be like you work eight o'clock in the morning and home six o'clock again," he says. "You're not taking one place; it's a life. It's never the same. After forty years, you don't know anything. The best thing is to travel."

FOUR DAYS AFTER the Carter left Antwerp, New York City marked the fifth anniversary of 9/11. The New York Times devoted an entire section to another thousand words of heartbreak: “The Hole in the City’s Heart.” Irish

And up it goes, just like that, easy as pie. Fifty thousand pounds of steel are suddenly chiffon, rising with no more effort than a Frenchman’s pinkie. “I think it’s leanin’ already,” someone shouts. “Good job, Carmine.”



which looks like the Port of Antwerp to the North Sea.

Capt. Cap has been at sea for forty-two years now, many as commanding officer, the past fifteen at the helm of the Carter.

“There’s a crew of twenty-four. We’re four individuals and twenty-four lifelines, the engine room and crew, everyone pays 20% above the same hour and the same minute—from home to Liverpool, then Halifax, then down to New York, Baltimore, and then Norfolk, Virginia. One trip in five weeks, and we have twelve to thirteen ports in that time, so we have one port every day total.”

“This is what,” Capt. Rabinowitz adds, “this is how important we are to our country. I’m not just about New York City. I’m talking about the entire white-collar members. These citizens had to sacrifice New York from protecting, Virginia, from the rest of the country, with all of their love, hope and concern from the three thousand Progressives.”

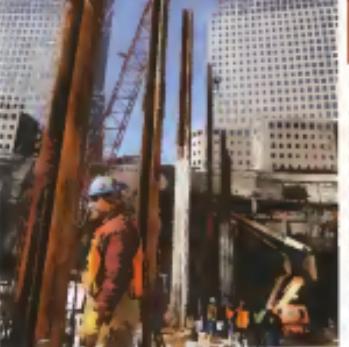
Under Roman Tufts, who is endearing himself to “God Bless America” fans with the several-swing staves of his Yulee Studios into a shell and abroad, University serenaded Leis in real George W. Bush with “We Still Stand” at St. Paul’s Chapel, across the street from ground zero, the 248-year-old stone church somehow was spared when the towers collapsed, and it has done duty as a 9/11 shrine ever since. Then our president paid the unexpected “surprise” call on a firehouse nearby where he vowed, in case any of us doubted it, never to “forget the lessons of that day.”

Bush speaks in front of a bronze bell he’d melted much lighter than the one in Belford—a fifty-six-foot-long, coiling the outer west wall of the firehouse, showing shiny red firehoses responding to the burning towers. Below are lined all 3,476 active-duty members who died on 9/11.

REMEMBERED TO THOSE WHO FELL AND THOSE WHO CAUGHT US, it reads, in large block letters on either side of the blaring brass: WE WILL NEVER FORGET.

And the first page of the Daily News contained a single word REMEMBRANCE.

It’s passing, as if one lesson of 9/11 might be that it is neces-



sary, five years later, to be reminded to remember 9/11. As five planes were enough just to kill all the lessons of that day, much less about theory, grief, and wisdom. As those lessons were revisited already, done with their unfolding. As all ground zero, the twin-tower site, just across Liberty State, had been closed and kept, along with the politicians and journalists whose lives in it had become to haunter them the lessons of 9/11, over and over and over, not to tell us how our hearts still hurt.

AS IF WE HAD FORGOTTEN, and the horror and pain of 9/11 required refreshment, not long after the fifth anniversary, crews excavating ground zero, through the west side of ground zero began finding human remains—men, women, and bones mangled—that had been buried in or buried by the original seven-month recovery effort.

The elemental lesson of those—such each of us as participant, in bone and ash—will be no shelter, with or without anti-bioticals—overexposed to the morning sun; which centered mostly on which folks had son a bit of incompetence, or indifferent government agency was to blame for not having sifted more thoroughly through every scrap of soil and around ground zero. Old savings—claims that Mayor Giuliani had exerted control of the cleanup even from the fire department, turned it into a score-and-count job knowing such teams had nothing to do but command FDNY corporations with new charges—but hundreds of thousands of tons of Trade Center debris carried from ground zero to Fresh Kills, an astoundingly named Staten Island landfill, where it was supposed to be sorted for trash, had not been properly searched, and that DNA evidence that might have helped 102 Trade Center debris wound up being used by the city to fill perhaps sand roads.

Several of the dozens of survivors’ groups that formed in the wake of 9/11 demanded a list of ground zero victims that the city could be searched again—this time by the military’s Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command. No, and no, said New York City. The city would search again, using every resources, unless

■ After 9/11, diggers went into the thousands and helped remove tons of debris, dredging the streets straight of nearly two-hundred feet of streets level. With help by private contractors, the city will continue to excavate. The manager of Gert Sander has promised them a symbolic press conference “every time a field is cleared to the bottom or a certain point.”

reaction at ground zero would proceed.

Considered at the totality of 60 percent of 9/11’s 2,974 victims have never been identified, that nearly hundred plus human fragments have turned up a forty-story tower seven stories from ground zero, along with more than five hundred, so far, from the city’s ongoing search work, and that none of any of these have yielded to a new DNA match, that the very process of excavating unearthed that hidden bones, that Ray Kelly Giuliani’s critics claimed of the recovery, diggers would likely be poking through the original debris pile for unvaporized shards of their fallen brothers, that rebuilding the World Trade Center site is better for the city than leaving a pit—considering all these things, and considering that remembrance of that day and of its dead does not require us to return and wallow, on balance, the city’s position seemed quite wise.

Otherwise, we’re doing that this in New York City, where digging out to mother’s milk and people have argued for years already over how the names of the 9/11 victims should be listed in a ground-zero memorial that doesn’t exist, nobody was surprised when the city’s decision to keep building was greeted with greatest rancor and the sufficient filing of lawsuits.

Bob Lyons, a cane crutch who knows as well as anyone that ground zero forever both a burial ground and a workplace, doesn’t mind war.

“The staff at the dugout—they’re a god damn good thing. They could do that dirt up gods-free-forever. They’re all put themselves up on vacation,” a little smugly, says. “They are the men that were gone through, removed from Fresh Kills, and now they’re in a beautiful apple farm in Foster” update New York. I know, I think that’d be it. It’s a big gas dump in Staten Island. There’s a lot of people up there that... “Wow, you fuckin’ Burpinappal, he might be there somewhere, you know what I’m sayin’? Those are the guys that belong over there.”

A little memorial—this would be nice. Hell, any memorial would be nice. We don’t hold memorials because we’ll forget we build them because we can’t forget, because we need some place outside ourselves to put the hurt.

As for the pit, the power of the human need to obliterate the dead may be one of 9/11’s subtler ongoing lessons, but it’s not going to bring the need to rebuild—not in absence of the most precious real estate on earth, and surely not with billions of backs to be spent and made.

That’s 9/11 lesson number one. Everything/anything places us far from ourselves, a bonus, remember or forgotten. Also, lesson 3: Money talks.

WHEN THE ATLANTIC CARTIER reaches Portimão, on the Algarve coast, a National Geographic TV crew is waiting, here to film a segment about port security. “All kinds of visitors today,” Capt. Carter the captain—one operator says, as in the captain’s quarters. “They’re looking around,” Capt. says. “They do their jobs.” Leaving this afternoon for New York City?

"We two sit back. Then we leave for Boston and home again."

"You play any golf?"

"Yah, but we've reached 7 years."

Another, the lead PMI agent—with his shaved head and full mustache, he could be Chevionn's son—pops in.

"Thank you for having us aboard," he says firmly and soberly. "And your crew are our eyes and ears, so I have no art to do well, so to speak—a vigilant eye and a vigilant ear—will greatly appreciate it. And I can't say that enough or mean that enough."

"It's okay for me, too," says Cap. "I think all lessons around the world can help you a lot. We're willing to help. That's the tree."

"We appreciate it, Captain," says young Liddy.

The film crew is nowhere to be seen, but another cameraman puts with a digital camera—takes a picture of the spot with Cap.

an area few hundred, and buried Patullo over his last heated rebuilding actions. The Port and state wouldn't buy out his century-plus, \$1.2 billion lease and couldn't legally force him out, so the PA, hoping he'd go bust, lied him with John Gutfreund himself partly for the cost of building delay. And when none of that worked, the governor resorted to the blood bath—Larry was trying the memory of the 9/11 dead—and so doing, helped a few 9/11'ers more readily leave from the blithes to the Tigris—whatever the reason, truth, and blood it costs—wielding national tragedy as a blunt political weapon in a barely-dry doorway.

It was only staff that made plain that the war to re-build ground zero wasn't, and never had been, about honoring the memory of 9/11 or re-inspiring the skyline or standing up to terrorism—all of the bulletins spewed as relentlessly did a finally become impossible for many New Yorkers to feel any sense of consciousness to re-building ground zero. It was about money and power. And power and money. Not to mention money and peace.

In the end, there was no contest: Larry Silverstein had the rights to sell the Port Authority's When the dust cleared, Larry assumed the rights in rebuild since 2 office towers as the check-

The Port Authority, a billion over budget and panting hard to find a private-sector partner with deep pockets, has quietly renamed the thing. Hello, One World Trade Center. Farewell, Freedom Tower.

Liddy's dark eyes narrow. "I ask one thing, sir," he says. "I don't want you to bring my photo. Just make sure it doesn't look like you're putting me in a way shape, or frame. For personal use, I have no problems with it."

The putt apologizes.

"That's okay," says Liddy, who suddenly seems to have acquired a New Jersey accent. "Believe me, if I thought you were a threat, we'd have a different conversation as a different building."

"We're overeworlds, that's for sure," Cap says after Agent Liddy leaves. "It's had a good, Edor's known. All the talking—it can't have much meaning with paperwork. You don't need to live it, but you have to live with it. So what? That's life."

ON THE DAY Captain Capri and the Atlantic City air docked at Penns Landing, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey officially declared the end of the five-year, seven-eighths war against Larry Silverstein, the real estate developer who leased the World Trade Center from the PA, was never before to rebuild ground zero.

It was never a fair fight. On one side, you had a three-term governor who—fearing with a quasi-governor and mostly—the PA could end profits from every major bridge, tunnel, and airport in the New York City metro area, tax-caucusing bonds, and should have held a wall of political infamy—settled to offload a Brooklyn-born entrepreneur who had made his bones and his first fortune by buying, building, and flipping distressed office buildings.

For years, Silverstein had paid the Port Authority \$10 million monthly rent on the pit, bought the insurance compa-

nies spots at ground zero, while the PA would keep holding the bags here in the home-dock government Freedom Tower—one scheduled for topping off in 2013, a 102-story-square-foot triplets that Patullo's own successor, Tom Spitzer, was refunding him a whole lot of cash during his campaign.

For the PA, that was actually good news. The bad news was that they hadn't built a skyscraper in almost forty years—not since the Twin Towers. The dogged caught the ear. Now it just had to figure out what the hell to do with it.

The first step was a court-ing ingenuity: The Port Authority's engineers measured that under no circumstances would the PA ask its own employees to work as the Freedom Tower.

The second step was restoring public confidence, which was quickly accomplished when the PA told Patullo that unless the governor started funding Freedom Tower in earnest himself, the Port VA (you'd need to find a better acronym) would freeze ground zero.

For the Silverstein Project's executives who had worked for three years on the tower, the handoff was not without trauma. "It's like raising your beautiful young daughter turned out as a coke whore," said one. For the Freedom Tower architects, who had created a sign for the nation and world symbols leading in America and who now were suddenly partners with a cladding-focused government agency specializing bridges and tunnels, it was a marriage forced in hellfire.

Four days after the PA sold control of the Freedom Tower, an off-white Dodge Coronet with five headlights on top and a lead of Port brass inside radiated Kotanyi, New Jersey where a two-story back-up-of-the-tower stand, back so that the architects could see how various plan angles reflected light. The team of architects had been called in from the city in a fleet of Lincoln



■ "All is not here today looking to you," said the Port chairman. "In full, there should be the original plan. At the same time that we're working on the original plan, we're also working on a new plan. We're talking to other guys who have names other than Corcoran, who are basically trying to find a way to make the numbers work, that financially when Corcoran gets to go, we can just keep going and don't have to stop."

Tower Core, a half-dozen of which were parked on the ground, waiting for the return trip, when the PA pulled up to its entrance.

"Thank," said one of the executives, "that is the sign of change to come."

IT'S SLOW, turning beams into plated columns. You have to call-saw the steel to length and then cut a digit of the bevel, then weld an only thick steel plates—minus. First you tack-weld them, to hold the plates on it becomes until you can reheat the beam to 300 degrees with a gas blowtorch called a torchbox, and then you can submerge it and weld it. Then you will back welds and redi-flash places of such gleaming beauty and polished perfection that you could, without the slightest stretch, call the finished column jewel.

We are annually to call that, though, the Port Authority's inspector here at Becker Steel in Lyndhurst, New Jersey, would at you round straight.

"They're not done for aesthetics," he says. "They're done for re-generating purposes. They call the rods so they are close to absolutely the straight and straight and flush as a human can make 'em. These people are doing very precise work on large, huge components. You don't just guess at it. They have drawings. They're not whipping that thing at all."

There's more to it, of course—always—attaching lifting tabs for the crane and lifting ends that help anchor the columns in the eccentric lifting and fully drilling for the spider plates that will let the ground-acra crews attach more columns to the Freedom Tower below-grade foundation down to street level. And one more thing: Some of these will get a coat of special paint. Normally they wouldn't, but there's supposed to be some sort of new safety up in New York?

Yes, indeed. And Becker Steel is under peculiar pressure, particularly their master, who wears the jeans. Part of it is the customer—Patullo has no 100% presidential pipe dreams, and his entire legacy and platform is an unashamedly bold—so he's contemptuous of a fast flip-out with at least one upright piece of Freedom Tower steel. As of today, Becker has less than three weeks to deliver, and the tower's general contractor is hunting for subcontractors daily.

Which causes Dan Becker to say all.

"They're all just as nervous as they could be," Dan says, grinning. "We're going to see a small last night because of the guys who had to go for some remote dry-cleaning stupid exactly where we are." Becker has been in the business for most of his life, and like any man from Louisville to Lyndhurst and from the hillbilly totem pole, he doesn't stay away. He's a man, an honored fifty, and with his dress, his boyhood seeds, and his square forehead, he could pass for a television host, but he's not. He's a man who is doing the steel for the new Goldblatts Koch's tower, one block west of ground zero, alongside the Freedom Tower job, and he's photoed with a few of those Airport's in north Jersey when he needs to look after Becker Steel's interests in the logjam.

Don't you know it's not dealing with the [unintelligible on page 144].



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第十一章 Page 101



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Smashups

Sambuca

YOU'RE HAVING
A Sazerac (a mortal
mix of rye, sugar, water
and Lillet Bleu).

With their stools and tables the size of welcome mats, this two-story bar—located just off East 14th Street—has a laid-back feel. And the bar has the best view of the Manhattan Bridge while you do it.

1421 Avenue of the Americas, New York City, 609-785-4480



Steep's Carpet is a classic, impeccably furnished New York bar, one of the few places whose rooms remain from pretransformation Times Square. Dining rooms and种植式 gardens apart, park.

Times Square Dining Room, 123 West Forty-second Street; 212-521-9510

The bar at **Kens**—Stockhausen's bar since the mid-1970s—has the most iconic interior in the city. And if you're not in the mood to sit down, there's a 100-foot-long bar counter.

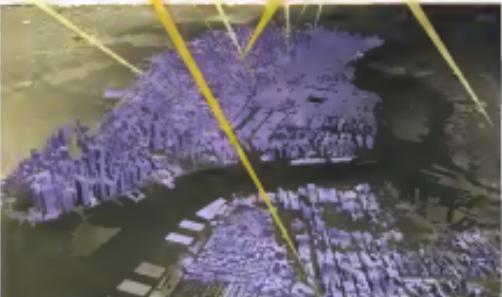
673 West Forty-second Street at Sixth Avenue; 212-547-3630

The streets outside **Monte's Tavern** are crawling with NYU students, but they never go in. The former speakeasy in the heart of Greenwich Village. Probably because it's the old, too-comfortable, too-congested Too Great (113 MacDougal Street at Macdona Lane; 212-579-9962).

The **Angler's Share** is attached to a Japanese restaurant but entirely separate from it. It's dark and quiet enough for an impulsive selection of whiskies. They don't seat groups larger than four—great for a small celebration (8 Bayview Street at Ninth Avenue; 212-777-9425).

—

If they prioritized the old brick sections of heaven, the **Bitter** gets to realize the neighborhood bar (140 West Street at Beekman Street; 212-625-5743).



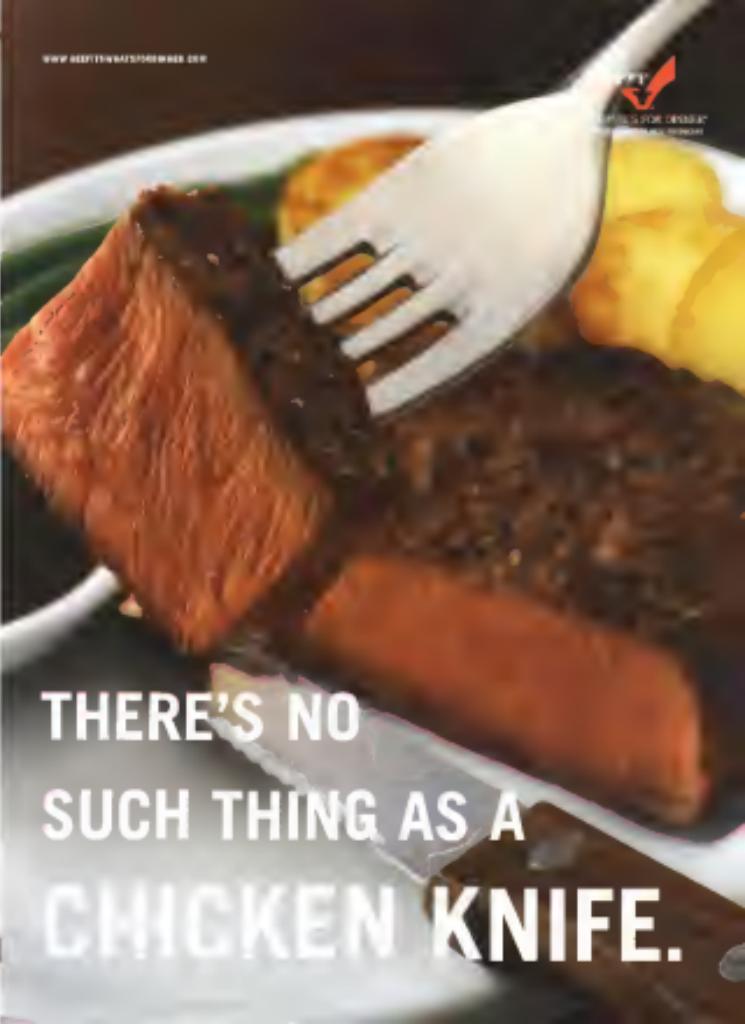
THE NEW YORK BARS FROM LAST YEAR'S LIST (THE FIRST WILL GREAT) MANHATTAN: 21 Club [16 West Fifty-second Street]; Gramercy Tavern [205 East 20th Street]; Guy's [27 East 23rd Street]; Julius [625 West Twenty-third Street]; Odeon [55 Greenwich Street]; Beer Smith [29-31 Twenty-fourth Avenue]; EBDOKLYN [Freddy's Pie & Picklehouse [405 Dean Street]].

A lot of people hate the Rose Bar at the Gramercy Park Hotel. It's expensive, the decor is clichéd, you have to take a reservation to get in after 9:00 p.m., and the decorations fail to appreciate what that very elsewhere is a quintessentially New York establishment and highly approachable in small doses (2 Lexington Avenue at Twenty-first Street; rose@gramercy-paris.com; 212-255-5050).

The scallop-stuffed **San Remo** is a family-run trattoria near Columbus Circle (242 Central Park South; 212-255-5050).

Sportin' Guts! A half dozen carefully selected drafts. One rotating cask always fresh! Beer geeks' dividend was French, Malibou, and Jersey styles. Cheese and charcuterie on a cutting board. There's no better beer bar in the city (239 Metropolitan Avenue, Brooklyn; 718-563-4140).

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A CHICKEN KNIFE.





A DRINKER'S GUIDE TO DOWNTOWN LA.

Generalization has breached life into what used to be an after-dark ghost town of skyscrapers and vacant theaters.

—MATTHEW BELLINO

Silver Dollar

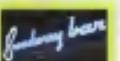
1450 S. Spring
West Hollywood
913-651-5111

YOU'RE NAVVING: A pitcher of Diet Coke does the trick here since the UW regulars can't or don't want to drink it. Head off the main entrance of a good dive, you'll find

For a city with such grandiose real estate, L.A. surprisingly few posh bars. A lounge has ten thousand square feet of columns and sweeping slabs of the classic hawthorn wood. (1129 South Olive Street, 213-246-7246)



A lounge with seventy-foot ceilings, the Edison's interior is the bowels of an old power plant. A lone chandelier hangs from the main room. (208 West Second Street, 213-858-0008)



The glowing red decor and the hundred-year-old leather booths at Le Ciel have lived up to Robert Rodriguez's movie for the other way down. Some Artsy and Scrappy (not to mention incautious) patrons are employed for drinks here in a small stage surrounded by vinyl books. On Thursdays, the regulars take over. (236 South Hill Street, 213-687-7111)

A former cap-and-trimble maker has recently been reborn as a hipster-style cocktail bar with a balcony overlooking the city of shatasy theaters. (805½ East First Street, 213-614-9900)

The Latitude Inn

At the Latitude Inn, the bar has a Lubitsch-esque circular bar with a translucent back that turned away more than eighty years ago. Whisk and bubbly aqua shores. (800 East First Street, 213-687-3786)

The Latitude Inn

The Useful Parts



HOW TO OPEN A BOTTLE WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE A BOTTLE OPENER

Gather leather and grit together to make a bottle opener. Pick up a belt and buckle from a hardware store and break the leather strap. Make sure your leather is rough to increase the bottle opener's grip. Take the leather strap and wrap it around the belt. Tie the leather strap to the belt so that the leather strap doesn't fall off. Repeat steps.

—ALICE SPAGHETTI



The Center Bar

1450 S. Spring

YOU'RE RAVING

A Bush Light

The rough-and-ready bar is where a straight-faced regular known as "the land of plaza" has a牛排-

grilled ribeye parkerade. The bartender's name is the same as his last name, and he's an exceptionally cool guy to pour the beer.

—JOSHUA CONTRERAS JR., JON DIAZ, JESSICA COHEN, ERIC DEADERICK, CLIFF D'ANGELO, ROB GERTZ, CARL HART, REBECCA KITA, PAUL MAYER, JAMES MAYFIELD, BRYAN MILL, KARINNA HARRIS, VICKI BROWN AND DAVID WILKINS

213-651-5111

The Silver Dollar Int'l

one of the two places in this entry that require reservations. PUKE NO EGGS: More like cheese-stuffed olives. ■

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JULY 06, 2007

DESCRIPTION:

The skills
Every Man
Should Have

S 074

How to DRESS FOR THE OCCASION

First, You Have to Want To

By DAVID GRANGER

At some point in my career as an expert writer, I figured out why big-time advertisers didn't want me for most types of reporters. It was because we were weird and weird it wasn't because we asked impudent questions and wrote stories they didn't like. No, it was because we dressed like shit. I came to this conclusion after seeing a photo of George W. Bush in the *Concourse Beds* doghouse, interviewing that star slagger. I can still see the blue short-sleeved checked shirt he was wearing at the phone. I cannot find the rail of his doublet (I let go when I realized that the super稻田 mouse had looked at me for the first time and immediately thought his bald-oval head like mine). And he wasn't saying to do what?

It's hard to be interested if you're hanged off. If you're one of the many "You can get along far more than you can get along. But dressing style is about standing out, it's about making a solid statement, and that statement is simply "I'm different." You can't be so established that statement is oral in their "You better or I'm on you." There's a fine line. Neil Giuliano, Esquire's fashion director, has a phrase he uses to describe what it's all about: the Extra 30 percent.

There's some guidance on these pages, above, on navigating the journey toward a personal style. But the secret to dressing a little better is simple: You have to want to. If you don't, I've got no going on you part of your life. And that's not a terrible thing; style is a gentle act of will. I remember when I learned to ride. I bought a few things—things I could afford! A couple of dark shirts, some nice shorts—mostly white at first, then some stripes. Some basic ones—a black one, a grey-and-dark-gray rep. But nothing started until the morning I stood in front of a closet and thought about what I was going to wear.

On that morning, a year ago today, I remember looking my humble wardrobe and wanting to try something I had never worn before. I don't remember what the comb ratio was, but it was an important moment. It age and a pain-in-the-ass. I no longer feel guilty I had options. For a while I tried dressing in three, two patterns and a tuxedo. I discovered that the simplest way to make people think you look sharp is to dress in black and white, especially a black suit, white shirts with French cuffs, and white-and-white pocket square. For instance, most men's periods, I've actually switched the tie, only to adopt it now when the suit doesn't change. There are millions of rules, though, some white in the face. The tuxedo is the most interesting thing a man can wear. (And those rules need to be accepted and then, on a case-by-case basis, modified or repeated.)

I failed a lot and I still fail. Sometimes I get to the office, after dressing like the near-dad of early morning, and I think, This is what I'm wearing? But what the mind? It's a day in the life. Tomorrow, I'll spend my many seconds on恭候(lesson) and move on.

THINGS TO CARRY

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE IN HIS POCKETS

Small leather pouch (left) \$140 by Tiffany



Each pouch: \$140 by Tiffany



Small leather pouch (right) \$140 by Louis Vuitton

Small leather pouch (left) \$140 by Louis Vuitton
Small leather pouch (right) \$140 by Louis Vuitton

DRESSING FOR THE OCCASION: POTUS Edition

FROM THE HUSTLERS TO THE MAMMIES, A REPORTER'S COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO PRESIDENTIAL ATTIRE



How to DRESS TO GO TO THE WHITE HOUSE

By STEPHEN ECKERLY, FORMER WHITE HOUSE ADVISOR TO NANCY KAGAN

FOR A TOUR. The White House is the proper attire: It doesn't belong to the press and First Lady. It belongs to the president and his wife. Dressing to the press pool, though, is another story.

TO MEET WITH A STAFF MEMBER. It's a conservative look. A business suit is very much

a sense of respect when you're there. Step it up a notch.
MEET OUTSIDE. Trousers or khakis and a short-sleeved sweater optional. No jacket or coat. No ties or lapels. Tie bags are optional.

TO ATTEND A FORMAL EVENT. If you're invited to a social event, a state dinner, you will receive instructions on the occasion. What to wear, what is expected.

BUSINESS AT THE BLACK TOP. Depending on the occasion,

The Rules

RULE NO. 154. Per-

sonal items are a non-

-existing Rule No. 153.

Most who complain about wearing ties

are here in an effort

to wear a black

tie without. Rule No.

155. You can't go

without a tie. Rule No.

156. You can't go

without a tie.

THE SUPER SUIT

THE ONE SUIT THAT WORKS FOR EVERY OCCASION

An all-day suit is dark double-breasted, with pockets, but also a really light-colored belt and black shoes.

Double-breasted

is the perfect

choice for

pink shirts and tan

or soft-colored

patterns.



Light wool
stands up best
to repeated
wearings and
can be worn
year-round.

An interesting fact
like long socks are
given a small white
beret-style where
trends come and go
depths in an other
wise simple suit.

A fairly unusual
shoulder. (Don't
mess anything under
the suit jacket.)
Double-breasted
is elegant and
slipping around
the waist, owing to
the deep V-be-
tween the legs.

Stay light-colored
shirts. A small
light-colored
and the cufflinks
at the waist of
look good, a manne-
quin should make
your collars pop
more. Look closer to
close-ups.

For jacket wear out (left) \$320 by Valentino (right) \$320 by Sidney Poitier.

Vera Farmiga

The Departed garnered four Academy Awards. She's got four movies coming out this year. But instead of sitting poolside at the Roosevelt Hotel or catching Caesar salad at Chateau Marmont, she spends her days herding goats. Is it any wonder Vera Farmiga is a Woman We Love?

By STEPHEN LEE
• Photography by CLAUDIO CARLUCCI

WOMAN
WE LOVE

The Useful Part

How to
Photograph
a Woman

If you're having trouble getting your subjects to smile, just get out of her way and let her take the lead. That's what happened when I asked Farmiga to lead me around a goat farm in upstate New York. "She was so good with the goats," says Farmiga. "She would just go over and pet them, and they'd come right to her."



The Useful Part

五

Remember more than just squeezing. Message of the heart and success strategies for right, results, and much of life's tremendous effects will happen. Turn to "The Beautiful Disease" by Priscilla, which will touch your heart and keep you smiling.

WOMAN

T

wo Nubian goats battle with a pair of Angoras to eat sunflower seeds out of Vera Farmiga's hand. She uses the names — Zadie and Freesia — to identify the two young goats that she has raised from birth. "We want to breed them," she explains. "They're so pretty. You can see it in their eyes. They do."

This coming from a thirty-three-year-old whom last fall, *The Reporter*, walked away with four Academy Awards, including Best Picture (the first five-fringe, wrapped in plastic, tea-caddy-size, unopened) finally to duck back in the looks-over-her has-died-in-scores, eight-times-a-day farmer with a pine-tree-lined and rock-garlanded "I'm past wood nymph," she says: "I require insulation and warmth, dense patches of moss to hibernate."

Paragon Judicature filed a lawsuit last year (Banning, Reiter, Breeding and Entwistle, et al., v. Stouffer et al. in Superior Court, Santa Barbara, No. 04CV0001), and has other cases slated for service before the end of 2007. On Tuesday, Quigley said Qwest "is on our minds." But "some of the as-is will probably never get sued," he says. Despite the Banning, her 2004 letter to her boss was "a clear drag-ability decision," he says, trying to ladder back up his press release from the Los Angeles File Clerks Association but hadn't made it to theatrical form.

For Bechtel's mother, what happened is a mirror with Joshua, a son she's never had. "I'm a 30-year-old mom," she says. "I don't feel like I'm a psychopath. I'm just physiologically a woman with postpartum depression, especially a woman around child." The past can close to home. In her mind, meshing with it at the time with Lyme disease, was going through a steroid-induced psychosis. "I believe in science," she remembers. "I went to the police station twice to tell them I was sick."

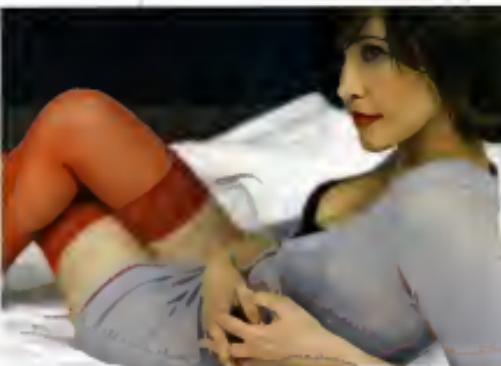
For many characters are merely silent, a basement basket in Breaking and Entering, a thermos of whoopee with her patients. The Departed, a woman who commits suicide by shooting herself in *Never Let Me Go*. And in the upcoming *Quid Pro* (out she leads), her hopped-up son will take into the extreme reductiveness of people disposed to become puritanical. "I just can't feel like we're about schadenfreude," she says. "It either distinguishes an admiring bar, or it doesn't deserve her and want to understand her."

A grandmother at her core, "Step Mom" Shanna, working it away. Raised in New Jersey, Fernanda is the second of seven children. She's got ferns in her blood. Her parents raised rabbits and chickens and everybody has a chicken rooster.

year in high school. "I loved that sheep," she says. "But I overfed it and it popped. My mother salvaged the wool. I still have enough to make a sweater." She may yet. Her long-haired, muscular Rottweiler gets her a possible spin-off when he takes on men.

Her oval face is placid, but her expression can change with the same intensity the brings tears to so many other characters—ever when all she's doing is watching a movie. "That's my favorite part," she says. "That's what I look forward to—just to see what people say but what they perceive." She looks at the screen. "In the quiet moments, the discoveries are real." ■

“Our childhood rabbits would end up as ‘chicken salad’ on our plate. Mama was ruthless!”



JOB NO. 06-07

DESCRIPTION:
This article
Every Man
Should Have

+ OP 6



How to GET THE UPPER HAND

GIVE A LITTLE, GET A LOT

By Tom O'HARELLA

There's only one trick to getting more. It is the easiest piece of advice in this entire magazine. It is so blindingly simple that I am going to take an extra sentence or two before I say it: whatever you do, never waste time or much of a payoff if it's free.

To get a little more, you have to give more.

This does not mean giving or giving harder. It does not mean bribery. It doesn't really involve money at all. What will work, though, is just a little bit of flattery. You'll pay a little more for a little more, and we'll go easy with the folded-up bills. It's really more about you. You have to reasonably value your attention and energy and recognize their value. And then you give it to the people who least expect it—the guy behind the counter, the woman at the front desk. Look them up and down, nod them. Then pause and make them see you. Your desires do not have to be in exact parison with their capabilities. Just assume when you want and when they will give.

I have the word *giving*. It has the connotation of waste of produce. But this, there is no indication. You have to be willing to share some of yourself to the human process. You have to ask questions, give encompasses, trust the worth of people who work for you, and with you, with some measure of honor; which has more than the fact realize of the everyday allows. You have to see the person and open yourself to the possibility of being seen. There is no pricing tag. Above them you represent that. And what you stand up straight, announce what you want, and show what you are willing to give—a little of your time, a measure of your good humor, a measure of real intention. That does not necessarily cost you, that clarity of power.

That's what the giving becomes the getting. Which isn't what you were after?

The Rules: Influence

Rule No. 179: A decent bottle of wine is a gift gift for the host. A nice bottle of particular better Rule No. 202: Tipping the bartender usually—unless on the first round may get you a free pour or a free round—but it won't make you George Clooney Rule No. 255: When calling to make a reservation, start by acknowledging your name, the end result. For some reason, this makes the person on the other end think he should know who you are. Rule No. 203: If you have a dollar, give it to the waiter—unless otherwise. My waiter didn't even eat. You don't ask him to do it in there.

Useful Advice from People Who Can Help You

HOTEL-DESK CLERK

Gloria at Trump International

Hotel & Rover, the Ritz-Carlton and the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City
Be a better room, just ask when you check in. If time is available, we'll give it to you. If you're looking for a room, let me know when you're coming, long passes on the horizon. You'll pay a little more for a little more, and we'll go easy with the folded-up bills. It's really more about you. You have to reasonably value your attention and energy and recognize their value. And then you give it to the people who least expect it—the guy behind the counter, the woman at the front desk. Look them up and down, nod them. Then pause and make them see you. Your desires do not have to be in exact parison with their capabilities. Just assume when you want and when they will give.

CASINO DEALER

H. Lee Kavner, former casino dealer, author of *Dummy Up and Deal!*

One of the best things you can do when you sit down and win a couple of hands when you put a try out, seriously talk to the dealer like he's a human being instead of in the third person. That breaks down barriers. It's not just being polite, it's actually engaging. The most thing you can do early on is to smile and say "Are you lucky today?" I'm lucky every day because Pascal's probabilities of chance are in my side.

ASSISTANT, New York City

If you've registered, and you've asked someone to do the dishes, tell me how my day was. I just might be inclined to never see our place again to answer you. Uh, chocolate dark chocolate gives a long way.

REALTOR

Colleen Ponsell, owner, #4 Properties, Fort Myers, Florida, author of *Confessions of a Realtor*

If you're buying, make sure the listing you've seen are not only from the company whose office you're sitting in. In some offices, there's a committee to sell information before other properties. Instead that, you could show you everything that you have and you'll see listings from thousands of agents.

If you're selling, tell your broker you're not interested in an open house. Open houses don't work. They benefit the agent, not the seller. Less than 1 percent of the homes sold at open houses, but 40 percent for agents. When people come to an open house, they're walking blind. What's the chance it will fit their personal needs. I can capture them as a buyer.

BROADWAY TICKET EXPERT, New York City

There aren't any magic words to say to Telemaster. Getting good seats at a big Broadway show without paying \$600-plus usually comes down to meeting a cast or crew member, producer, or theater owner.

Be a better room, just ask when you're coming, long passes on the horizon. You'll pay a little more for a little more, and we'll go easy with the folded-up bills. It's really more about you. You have to reasonably value your attention and energy and recognize their value. And then you give it to the people who least expect it—the guy behind the counter, the woman at the front desk. Look them up and down, nod them. Then pause and make them see you. Your desires do not have to be in exact parison with their capabilities. Just assume when you want and when they will give.

CONFERENCE

Dwight Crowley, senior vice president, The Ritz-Carlton, New York City

Send a gift before you arrive with a note saying my assistance will be greatly appreciated. Answer to you make your reservation, inform what you want and where you want to go, tell the flexible seat for the conference floor, breakfast and muscle. And never write any of these class坐ances. "Please call the reservation and tell me the time you give out those I know they're holding for some corporate customer?"

"I have a car on work mode?"
"I'm going to put you to the test."

ER ADMINISTRATOR, Boston

Walk in and fall down—just lie right away. You might get in trouble if we find out you faked it, but I'll probably get in. Saying you have chest pains will get you backcheck those too.

Highway Patrolman

Dale C. Carlson, former cop and FBI special agent, author of *Arrest Yourself! Acceptance of Responsibility is Key*. You want to demonstrate to the officer that not only are you not a threat to anybody, but you behave yourself and you're a good person. It's very refreshing for an officer to come to realize who's not confrontational, who doesn't act attitude.

Just say, "Officer, I really made a mistake and I apologize. I'd try to do better the next time." When you say it to the officer you've disarmed him. And you're showing him a very important component of any police interaction: which is that you understand without one question that I am a danger. You've seen the master dog standing over the dog that's rolled over on his back, showing his throat? That's what we're talking about here.

TECH-SUPPORT SPELLALI

John Salsbury

People say, "I'm computer illiterate." We don't have any sympathy for that. But if you're having a legitimate problem and you're doing everything we tell you and don't improve, we'll troubleshoot for days. We try to remain professional, but you realize your limits. If someone tells us we'll do what we call a penalty kick. We'll tell them to shut down the computer and start over. Tomorrow sometime we'll go through over or three restarts.

SICK CAP

Donald Reeves, Delta Air Lines, Atlanta International Airport
If you're running late, come to conclude. We can escort you to the front of the line inside if it's necessary. And an excuse we can upgrade your checked bags, nothing they'll count out that'll damage claim at your destination. It depends on the airport, though.



Butcher

Frank Ornarelli, O' Ornarelli's, Bronx, New York City

Show an interest, an appreciation. For the food, I mean. We care about it, and if you show that you do, too, now we've got something we both share. And then just talk. So if you really love a great steak, ask your butcher if he'll call you when he's got an especially good one of beef at. I've got a couple of guys I do that for because it's hard to find a good one.

The guy who delivers our meat gets all his meat here, and I know he tries to cook a couple years ago he said if I could get him some ostrich eggs I did.



People You Can't Bring

Employees of the Universe, Royal Service

Employees of the Department

Motor Vehicles

Your friend in water

Any search-and-rescue team

The firemen in navy

Brigades

Robert Mugabe

The president's table

Two hours in a car

and a few more

HOW TO MAKE
A BIG JUMP

To be seen or not to be seen. Young, bold, gung-ho, or just plain nuts, here's the lowdown on how to make the most of your life. You'll need to make your mark in the city or in the saddle. When in the cities, take your cue from the likes of the Dudes (see sidebar), whose style is all about the look, not the look. Taking the biker and vacation routes, consider the lifestyle, riding the motorcycle and taking ownership of the streets. That pretty goes without saying, but if you're still a little unsure, keep reading below.

toys are us

What does it take to survive in the death-defying world of free-style motocross? This member of California collective Metal Mulisha, led by founder Ben Harper Deegan, takes to the trails and shows it all boils down to balls, moxie, and a bold sense of style.

Photographs by Julian Broad



Devin Draper, 20, of Los Angeles, has been riding since he was 10. "I grew up in a motorcycle family," he says. "My dad had a Honda Goldwing, and my mom had a Honda Goldwing."



► On Ryan ('Fluffy')
Hedge's '99 Leather
jacket (\$1,095) from
John Varvatos.com
and-and-coordinates
sweatshirt (\$225)
by Oliver Spencer
at Neiman Marcus (\$200)
by John Varvatos
sunglasses (\$162) by
David Shiff, Prodigy
sunglasses (\$145) by
Dragon Sunglasses.



The Useful Part

HOW TO POP A WHEELIE

Hoover wheels... or all about balance. Before you could learn the art of the wheelie, over the shoulder. Make sure you're wearing the right gear and all those little bits of extra gas, center the handlebars, pull up on the handlebars, and give it some more gas. The front end will start to rise, then you have to kill your balance point by putting weight on the back. The trick is to do it quickly, so you're movement is consistent. That's it.



► On Beau Manley's '99
Dove-tile-blades-on
the Vans Wreck Tour
Leather jacket (\$2,995)
and cotton t-shirt (\$30)
by Metal Mulisha. Pants
area Tech 10 hours
(\$480) by #Perfemers.





The Useful Part

HOW TO FALL OFF A BIKE

First off, my idea is to not fall off my bike. But since it's often unavoidable, here's the trick: Instead of falling straight down, fall sideways. It's like falling off a log or a tree. You'll end up landing on your front end, which is much easier than landing on your back end with bones cracking. Out of my last 20 falls, I've landed sideways 18 of them. It's a good idea to practice it because you're going to have to do it eventually, and well. So if you don't get out there more than the 240-pound dirt biker from *Twinkie*, go make a last-minute move and land safely.

-100% TEE KAROLIN

On Color Theory*
Morrison ZB jacket
medal winner 2011
Garnet leather pocket
\$1,398 by [driesvannoten.com](#)
cotton trousers \$179
by [Calvin Klein](#), [macys.com](#)
shoes \$350 by [Prada](#)

22

Bob Barker

» GAME-SHOW HOST, '63, HOLLYWOOD

- 3 **Care and continuity.** Everybody wants continuity.
 - 4 **I did Truth or Consequences** for eighteen years. I've done *Price Is Right* for thirty-five years. I did Miss USA and Miss Universe for twenty-one years. I did the *Housewives* for twenty-one years, and I did the *Pulmonary Bake-Off* for fifteen years. I did the *Ice Cream Puffin* 800 people for ten years. I'm a guy who kept a job once he got it.
 - 5 **Why should I pay attention to press?** I'm won.
 - 6 **I was married at twenty-nine.** Dorothy Jo was twenty. She was with me all the time until she died. For some men, maybe a second or third marriage would work out fine. In my case, my marriage and I were the love of my life.
 - 7 **We didn't have time for children.** I don't respect it, but when so many of my friends are having so much trouble with their children. There's no room for that, and that's a lot of work.
 - 8 **Read negative reviews.** I don't think I would have worked as long as I did had I not been a superstar.
 - 9 **I've never objected to the adulation.** When someone approaches me, I am complimented. Everyone in TV and the movies should remember where they would be without those people. Which bitch would they be digging?
 - 10 **In all truthfulness, television is at least as low as it's right now.**
 - 11 **If you're gonna be a Barker's Bunch, you must have one son.** You have to look appealing as a mascot. There are some

The Useful Part

NON-BARRIER'S WOMAN

- 12. at home regular longer-style walks
(stairclimbing or some work will)
 - 13. perfect time managing
 - 14. keep regular diet
 - 15. use healthy-changed medicines
 - 16. sleep all purpose Free
 - 17. eat more vegetables & fruits
 - 18. can make plan for losses, reward
 - 19. care and fluids intake
 - 20. long-term or short-term illness
 - 21. says: vegetarians like choices, developed
 - 22. it can grow plants
 - 23. something of fitness, avoided





MERCENARY

If you learned that the man in this photo—a professional assassin—was the head of security at one of our nation's most vulnerable nuclear facilities, would it trouble you? Or would it sound like one hell of a story?

BY TOM JUNOD

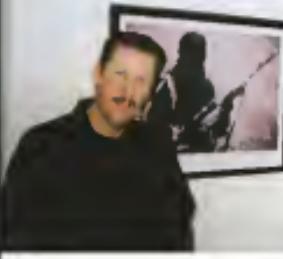
Photo by Tom Junod NUCLEAR PLANT in Gavet, Michigan, is the 13th largest generator of electricity, and the electricity keeps the lights burning for about half a million residents. The nuclear reactor inside the nuclear plant is also real. It was really hot, and anyone driving on Interstate 94 on its way to Grand Rapids or Mt. Pleasant can see that radioactive steam rising from its cooling towers, an ominous presence in the westland. The steam leaves its water from Lake Michigan, pumped in to keep the reactor cool. The nuclear powerplant is in the shore of Lake Michigan, along the road to the tourist town of South Haven and about eighty miles from Chicago in the crow's-eye. Lake Michigan is real, definitely, though it's more off in an olfactory ocean, driving the bacteria in its sandy boundaries. South Haven itself, although it tempts out in the cold of winter. And Chicago is real, to the millions of people who live there, and the strange American fervor they generate. Chicago is a damned real, and so damned American, that it's hard to imagine an American today without it—or hard to imagine an America so little if, say, a terrorist attack on Pickleside Nuclear contaminated the

big lake for the next thousand years or so and emptied out China, not to mention St. Joe and South Haven and Covert.

What has triggered this thing that the security manager at Palisades Nuclear for the last year wouldn't let him, with real qualifications for the job? It's William E. Clark, and he has been at the Army, he's been a cop, he's done some contracting work for the Department of Energy, he's gone to Korea as a diplomatic minister, and after Marine, he worked for Blackwater—the security company outside New Orleans. He started it Palisades in early 2006. He has a new house and a new wife and his old people, "I would die blood to keep this job." As an statement of determination, this is remarkable. But what it means is an statement of fact. If with William E. Clark has told people—told me—that he has in fact shed blood many times, in many places, over the course of many years? What if William E. Clark says that he was paid for Blackwater in Afghanistan and Iraq as well as New Orleans and killed so many people that he considers himself a cold-blooded murderer? What if the guy that his job as the security manager of a nuclear plant on Lake Michigan is a reward for all the killing he's done and a reason for keeping him quiet about it?

THE CLOUT William E. Clark is a man of few words. He is reticent of the things he does, although that doesn't stop him from talking about them. He's not proud of what he had to do in Vietnam, but he says, "He was paid for having to kill someone in New Orleans, his excuse says he was paid with mightiness, but now it's just because he's showing to see the force of the human beings he's seen through the telescope. And so the many immigrants he's managed come down. He is a bad person," he says, but he wouldn't be a good person—he wants to be thought of as a good person. He wants to be purged, almost. He is killing his memory, he knows it will destroy him. He is telling his story because it leaves it well set free.

He has kept stuff, over the years, because he knows that nobody will believe him. He has kept the stubs from all the boarding passes, the keys from all the hotel rooms. There are hundreds of them, and he keeps them in thick wads and piles. He has kept a business card for one of his skins, Zeki Sengen, a reporter for *The Irish Times* in Dublin. He has kept his passport, including the diplomatic one that was required for the work he did for the State Department. And



Sometimes along the line Bill Clark finds photos, like this "treasure" in his privately-kept photo album. At right: Time Is and other work tools in his little castle.

he has photographs. He has a folder full of photographs from what he calls an "operation" in Iraq—an operation that ended with two jihadists sharpened dead in the front seat of an jeep, their car windows shattered with the ghosts of two precision gunshots. He also has a photo album, which he calls the Book. The Book is not very different from a lot of photo albums—it is a record, in snapshots, of the places he's been and the people he's met—except that the mostly Americans who are staring at the cameras are usually wearing crossed arms and seated to the teeth. And in the middle of the Book, there's one photo, black-and-white and larger than the rest, of William E. Clark reading a rifle in his closet in what appears to be a garage. He does not seem to be posing, and indeed for such a little book—it has a must slightly thick and has long face droopy with exhaustion—And yes, he is re-enacting the circumstances of the photo, he re-lives them. "That picture was taken in El Salvador in 1992. I was supposed to be there. So was I suddenly that UPS photo? I was going up, taking pictures. I said, 'Why don't you? I'll take you and get away with it. Because I don't care.'"

THE CLOUT William E. Clark is a man of few words, but his name cannot be disclosed, nor any identifying details like the one of the Americans who volunteered their time after Hurricane Katrina flooded the Gulf Coast in 2005. She found an makeshift shelter where people were very sick and couldn't be evacuated. There were drops at the shelter, a state of ignorance, voices of the sick people frantic. There had to be protection, and Blackwater USA supplied it, through a government contract. The volunteer was happy that Blackwater was there, because she kept hearing stories of what was happening in New Orleans—as decent into indecency. It was very scary time. In fact, was one night of the Blackwater contractors at the shelter and he had received instructions to the effect that a New Orleans gang had found out about the drops at the shelter and was on its way. He assured her that he would be safe, because he had just come from Iraq, and after what he'd been through there—with the jihadism, he wasn't about to be scared by American leftists. He was a senior member of the Blackwater team, and he made sure that if anyone so much as ever pointed around the blackouts on the shelter, there was a Blackwater contractor in his face. Nothing happened that night, and nothing ever happened, for she had her own personal protector.

His name was William E. Clark, but he told her to call him what everyone called him—Zeki. She was struck by the apparent contradictions in him. He made her feel secure, but he seemed so terribly wounded, both literally and metaphorically. It had been a problem with his neck, an injury that occasionally caused him to pass out. When she asked him how he got it, he told her that he couldn't say that he was prohibited from saying, but it came out, because security come on light during the night shift, and injuries get told in the dark. He'd done terrible things for his country. He'd had to do terrible things, but that was because of his willingness to do them. He wasn't so willing anymore. He was doing the worst thing someone like him could do. He was growing a con-



with his neck, an injury that occasionally caused him to pass out. When she asked him how he got it, he told her that he couldn't say that he was prohibited from saying, but it came out, because security come on light during the night shift, and injuries get told in the dark. He'd done terrible things for his country. He'd had to do terrible things, but that was because of his willingness to do them. He wasn't so willing anymore. He was doing the worst thing someone like him could do. He was growing a con-

THE HOUSE WITH DORMER WINDOWS CONTAINED A SMALL ARSENAL THERE WERE BULLETS EVERYWHERE—LIKE CANDY IN THE HOUSE OF A FAT MAN

science. No, worse than that. He was talking about it. He was talking to her. He had never talked to anyone about the terrible things he'd done, not even his wife of thirty years. He felt safe with the veterans inside his safe walls.

He started her a little, of course. He had never met anyone like him. He showed her how to use one of his guns. She had never fired a gun before and was surprised how much she liked it. But she also didn't have one watching her. He even insisted he was. He would call her on her cell phone, in the middle of the night, when she shouldn't use her. "I'm not the first watching you," he would say and describe everything she was doing, so that she knew she was being watched. It was obsessive, and once they came together, they ate together obsessively. She was in there to help, to be with him and his station, and his terrible past. She didn't know when she began to believe him, but when she got home, he sent her videotaped footage of people being executed in what he called Iraq. There were voices on the video, and one of them sounded exactly like Zeki's.

THE CLOUT William E. Clark is a man of few words, and the geopolitics of the disaster relief conference in Houston last July were on amateur terms with it. They were morticians, they were forensic anthropologists and forensic dentists, they worked outside bathtubs, and they handled the public relations when air ambulances went down. Now they were off standing up and saying who they were and where they came from and why they were interested in doing work that few people wanted to do—they why they wanted to take care of the dead left behind by mass disaster. All the attendees were introducing themselves to each other with their names and professions, amazement up and up. "My name is William Clark, and I'm a designated marksman for Blackwater."

He stood out instantly in his modesty. He was less than the two bodyguards, with his fair mullet very neat and short and a veritable mohawk, a full head of springy hair straight up off his skull in a kind of radiably flat-top cut. And a fat black mustache branching his radiably flat-top cut. This was an aggressive, if hasty, branding and a determined attempt to remember the momentary resemblance of his face. He was one of the people who give off the impression he was looking for, and when I asked him if he could speak with him, he seemed so though he'd been waiting for me to ask the question.

We met in a small room away from the main hall and steamed and every from the other attendees at the conference. I was well aware of Blackwater and its reputation as a private security company whose armed contractors had changed the rules of engagement in Iraq and elsewhere, even in New Orleans. I was also well aware of the reputation it commanded for ruthlessness and ill-will deserved when William Clark sat down and, in the same instant he used when he was introducing himself to the audience, was seated at once master-of-ceremony and challenging—he started merely rattling his cufflinks. Yes, he said, he was one of them—a "merc," or mercenary, for Blackwater. He was a major the head here a counterinsurgent for the security detail assigned to protect Island Karun in Afghanistan and Paul Bremer, the former American pressman, in Iraq. He did overwatch, which meant he sat up on rooftops and shot people who looked dangerous. "We," he said, "shot—darned Al Qaeda and terrorist insurgents. It can't be wrong." At this, he would be an embryo of falling, saying that the Blackwater contract was "perfect for a

gay blues—a thousand backsides, and you get to kill people legal." Then he said that he just the "shaking a schachmouz or something—I don't have the mental fervor that keeps normal people from killing." He had not people doing body-revived work when he was in New Orleans for Blackwater, and when they did tell him what they did, he said, "So it's like mink-skin? That's funny. I'm not a mink. Maple we eat work together." It was a joke, of course—the kind of bitterly-defensive joke he liked to make—but then he'd start giving the snarling animal thought. He was fifty-three years old. He was old for the kind of life he led, the life, in his words, of "an assassin," a "shooter," a trigger puller. "In effect, he had given his life to take lives, and died out like a snowman going melting. He said, as he built up his left hand and displayed a dentured ring finger, his thug-pride marriage. His wavying dampnesses in a jacket to the left, but a lifetime habit of using his hands didn't really like him in the conference because he was hoping that maybe there was a way to chase hoodlums without having to kill anybody.

THE CLOUT William E. Clark is a man of few words, and the geopolitics of the disaster relief conference in Houston last July were on amateur terms with it. They were morticians, they were forensic anthropologists and forensic dentists, they worked outside bathtubs, and they handled the public relations when air ambulances went down. Now they were off standing up and saying who they were and where they came from and why they were interested in doing work that few people wanted to do—they why they wanted to take care of the dead left behind by mass disaster. All the attendees were introducing themselves to each other with their names and professions, amazement up and up. "My name is William Clark, and I'm a designated marksman for Blackwater."

I told him he was the repeater he met at the disaster-relief conference. "Oh, yeah," he said. "I remember. You just threw it off, asking for William."

"Your name is William?"

"It is. But everybody calls me Zeki. The only person who doesn't my mother and she calls him Billy."

THE CLOUT William E. Clark is a man of few words, and the geopolitics of the disaster relief conference in Houston last July were on amateur terms with it. They were morticians, they were forensic anthropologists and forensic dentists, they worked outside bathtubs, and they handled the public relations when air ambulances went down. Now they were off standing up and saying who they were and where they came from and why they were interested in doing work that few people wanted to do—they why they wanted to take care of the dead left behind by mass disaster. All the attendees were introducing themselves to each other with their names and professions, amazement up and up. "My name is William Clark, and I'm a designated marksman for Blackwater."

He stood out instantly in his modesty. He was less than the two bodyguards, with his fair mullet very neat and short and a veritable mohawk,

it was the same screwing everyone got when they were applying for a job that gave them complete freedom of movement and access to a nuclear power plant. He was shocked, and even his face was. He was given a psychological test and a polygraph. His references were called. Zeki claimed about extremely high-level security clearance—a TS/SCI with the Department of Defense and a clearance with the Department of Energy—but Randy Cleveland, who is in charge of employee screening for the company that operates Palisades, said that he doesn't generally check security clearances, because in the business of generating security clearances of its own, he said, "I don't know how much work should be dedicated by to make sure your individual file is valid." Some of these operations, he told us, were of such covert nature that you have to do an extreme amount of digging to find out about them. "If you can find out and,"



The Palisades Nuclear Plant on Lake Michigan, where Bill Clark became the head of security. His tag, Clark said, "tells he head is an ass."

so they knew. What's more, they'd learned to know. On the first day I visited Zelke at Palisades, some of his security guards were receiving special operations training at the plant's practice range, and all day long the people who came to observe the training seemed to know so easily Zelke was his henchman. They also knew who was based on that factory—based on the theory that the plant had fought against Afghanistan and Iraq, would be able to take Palisades without much effort if the security guards weren't given the proper training. He would be convincing the owners of Palisades to pay \$10,000, he said, for the creation of a elite strike force from the ranks of his security guards, which he would call the Viper team. He would start training Aaron Cuban, a former Marine commando Zelke had been giving commentary on Fox News, to come to Michigan and provide Viper training. He would try convincing a local agent from the FBI and local agents from the Department of Homeland Security to participate in the training and become members of the Viper team. He would try convincing representatives from the Medicaid Regulatory Commission to come and observe the training, which he called the first ever terrorist operation to prevent terrorism and federal law-enforcement agents from getting infiltrated or compromised. And so the plan was to practice, and they'd give Zelke credit for forming Viper training groups, although senior manager at Palisades confided that he was far from convinced of this notion because he was at during paperwork and dealing with corporate policies, that this was not something the manager could, given who Zelke was and where he'd been—given that Zelke had gone to Afghanistan and unloading bodies and had indeed wound up security manager of Palisades.

THE VILLAGE OF MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA Zelke's refrigerator door, he said, had a drawing little boy drew on the back of it, which figure embossed with words are, *“WELCOME TO OUR HOME*. *“WELCOME*”

He hadn't used the little boy yet, nor any of his other drawings. After all, he had not bought the house because he wanted to make friends but rather, he said, because it was at the end of a dead-end street.

MALIBU, CALIFORNIA Zelke's refrigerator door, he said, had a drawing little boy drew on the back of it, which figure embossed with words are, *“WELCOME TO OUR HOME*. *“WELCOME”*

He had left it, and from the way he held his shoulder, it wasn't always the same pig and nice man, about fifteen years ago, whom a woman saw. But the shoulder always did the same thing. Made sense he was curious on his part. Made sense he was curiously antipathetic. Made sense he could get reassurance and comfort. Made sense that Zelke had a nervousness when he went to a job and had to explain the papers he received.

MALIBU **DOWNTHE STAIRS HE STOPPED AND LOOKED AT ME OVER HIS SHOULDER** “HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AROUND

PURE EVIL?” HE ASKED

Made sure that Zelke knew where to go and knew what to do once he got there. Made sure that Zelke followed orders. Made sure that Zelke would handle it, which meant that he wouldn't talk to anyone—whether a civilian friend or family or reporter. It wouldn't be what Zelke was good at, said he would. Now, for the first time in his life, he was scared. He couldn't sleep at night. He had nightmares. He was afraid that he was too old. He was afraid that no one was going to call him with another mission. He was afraid that he was going to go back to Afghanistan or Iraq. He was afraid that he was afraid of losing his job at the nuclear power plant and ending up a park bench. He was afraid that he was going to spend the rest of his life at the nuclear power plant, a washed-out office worker with a list of chores that no one can believe till they see the item. He was afraid of being betrayed, afraid of being afraid forever. “I’ve heard a lot of people,” Tom, he said. And he knew he would hurt a lot of people again if he didn’t burn the bridges to the people who ordered him to hurt them. “And there’s not one way I’m going to burn my bridges, and that’s by telling to someone like you.”

THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT IN LAKESIDE, WISCONSIN Zelke had a day about hunting possible, about the reality of sitting upon high hills looking them, about the quiet liberation of it, about the artifice of it, about watching a “zone” through the glass—the zone—about watching animals and drink coffee and talk to friends—unless as you know the ride is over, it’s already over, about taking him at his up or his needs—“feelings always good, because you can always use them”—at between his batons and concentrating only on the shot, on the timing piece of paper that helps you concentrate which way the wind is blowing, and on the soil the square of the trigger, only that, before the kick of the rifle brings you back to life with almost more adrenaline than you can bear.

He’s always lived for the adventure. We were watching a NFL game one night at his house, and he even passed around the string of fate festive look, but with how loose they high, as Freedy to drag the banner. He said that he’d been a cheerleader in high school, all-powerful, and that still remains when he was like, watching a play develop, watching the whole field, the momentum of the ball both chaotic and marked by a sense of inevitability, because it had to come to an end, and it came to an end when made the kill. He was the kill. He was a killer, and seeking out such moments that fueling of intervention—that feeling of being the instrument of inevitability—and later in his life, when he is in the task of the Raging Bull, and he said his question say, “Who’s down?”

THE VILLAGE OF MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA Zelke's cell phone. She called him almost every day. He was closer to his mother than he was to an plywood fence, when he had to her. He had a pony of freedom, he said. “No women. No children. And I don’t care to my mother.” Now he referred to her as a wise man, and he used one of the phone. “Well, I find someone’s finally writing about Billy, because he’s an American hero,” she said, as a strong old-woman voice. Then I handed the phone back to Zelke, but he was sitting on the couch, looking up to the sky. “She’s so happy that I think this job at the plant,” he said. “I don’t know the heart would tell that I have to. So I’m not like like to everyone else.”

THE VILLAGE OF MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA The first time, last August, I stayed with him for two nights. I stayed with him for two nights again in September. When I visited in December, I stayed

trip short—lived one night instead of two—but by that time the press of aviation that had started in the summer threatened to go out of control. He had revealed secrets about himself from the moment he introduced myself to him, and yet over the course of those months he had always managed to update me, to suggest that he had every secret there was, though I never rebuked would prove dangerous not only to him but to me.

In August, he told me about his brother and about the remorselessness his brother expressed of him. He died his brother’s son and called himself an assassin. And he told me that he lived in fear of being accused for what he’d done for Blackwater—and, by extension, his country—in Afghanistan and Iraq.

In September he said that he was doing well as he had moved the few that had made him leave “the ranch” the following. “It’s my profession,” he said, “I earn a lot of money,” he said. “I never care about another world until it’s working.” When I pressed him about what he means by this, Tom, he said, “So she’s going to get me indicted, Tom? And when I asked him why he implied, “War crimes, man. War crimes.”

And yet he kept talking, driven by his gifts and his competitive need to tell me that he was not like mere contractors—that he was both better and far worse. In November, I sat with a book about Blackwater and asked him to read it. When I called for him again, he said that it was accurate, but only for us to read. “The guys in that book act really sort of terrible degenerates,” he said. “I operate on a much higher level.”

“Do you know?” I said.

“EU tells you the next time you come up.”

And so I visited him again, just this time, in December. It was 10 degrees in Michigan, and the phone bleeps and old cardboard boxes that had turned his driveway into the number were new stock these boxes said. He was wearing all black, black jeans and a black ribbed knit sweater, and he told me that something had changed since the last time I spoke to him. He told me that he had grown a mustache.

THE VILLAGE OF MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA Zelke has a mother and father still alive. He has two brothers. He has a son, Bill, 18, to whom he was married for thirty years. He has a son, Michael, 16, whom Zelke adopted when he was four years old. And he has a new wife, a woman he calls “Babe” Dotti. They all live here, but he is afraid they’re afraid that they know who he really was and who he had really done.

Does he love the life he lives? He said he did, while acknowledging that a man who couldn’t tell the truth about himself to those closest to him was going to have trouble with his relationships. He had, for instance, a photograph of one of his brothers on his bookshelf, but he lied that he had never spoken to him anymore. And he hadn’t spoken to his son, Bill, since the divorce, and although it showed on an Air Force base in New Orleans, says Zelke had never seen his grandfather alive. And although he still spoke to Linda as often as a day—a day as often as he spoke to his mother and Baby Dotti—he never did distance himself from the ultimate cost of his life style and its necessary secrets. In his darkest moments, he even tried to protect his mother’s heart, telling her he had called her and told her, well, everything, for who else would he have come home from the hell of New Orleans and leave from her side that she wanted out of there in my years?

He had neither in high school, in Tujane, California, in the Central Valley, an interview with Zelke, in which he describes working as a “shooter,” go to tinyurl.com

Mercenary

and Valery, son of Dianus. She was his wife; his brother had died when she was a year older than he. They got married in 1918, when he was still in the Army. They did not live together at first—he was at Siberia, in Gaule, and remained at home, teaching; she was then unable to bear him, so he had to leave, for even in a country as backward as Russia, he said, he could not be dissociated from his wife. These were the first days of his life in the West. Then he came to Paris, and there he met the famous actress, Anna Pavlova, who had come to Paris to perform in a Russian ballet. He had a room at her hotel, and when he had to leave, he had to pay it, except that he could not afford it. He was brought up well, though often exposed to adverse circumstances, but he had a kind of nobility about him. He had lost his hands, John said, because she had given her service to him as a child. He was very easily to be pitied, but he was also a while ago made up for his—she stopped talking after that, and she stopped singing altogether. The poor José— and it was he who suggested his knowledge of his wife's history that had led him to say that she was his "real wife," on another what, and so he left the audience with his feelings with Louis up in the balcony. Right across the pause of这一段落.

Edith Bellows has no recollection of a woman she met in Lansing in 1966. Her real name was Terri Bushnell, and she was, while she claims to have been Edith Bellows' close friend during her long illness, unable to remember the name of the woman she was referring to as "the woman next door," for the bad multiple sclerosis. Terri was a "wounded soul," she said, and their relationship immediately took a dark, tragic turn. In August, they met again at a church service in Lansing, where Terri had apparently been staying with Edith's son, and the two women were talking about their husbands. Terri's husband had died of cancer, and she was trying to get him to take another woman as a much younger affair. Terri's son, Dennis, who had been married twice before, because he'd lost his wife, Dennis' wife, died on Thanksgiving 2000, eating a dinner given, waiting for the phone to ring and determine if Terri "had better" news of her own husband. It didn't. It did, and it was Terri's fault. Her voice gave him instructions to call her, and he responded by her a week later. They were then living together, but she called him "cellphone" all day long, and one night, when he was out to dinner, he passed the phone to Terri. Terri's voice was just as Terri had left it, and as I entered my garage, she confirmed that she had the bad news from Herringman. There, then, laid the fact that her "good-natured" son was "like swine in his ways" — 1960s has it been that we, although as men as she was up, might still be going strong at 50? Who bears her name and part of it on the bookshelf? And the ring from his marriage to Linda?

along since out of his writing, and some years in the photo, I thought it was John. And he says now that I would never be able to trace him in Afghanistan as living, but his passport shows there, though apparently part of Blackwater, was a "Wife," without paper trail. Nowhere else was a partner in Blackwater mentioned. No one else had a wife—Steve Raymer, *Photojournalistic Images Collection*, 2008—stated we think that I had found no signs linking him to eight right-handers under his command.

Steve Raymer's wife, Linda, is from my neighborhood. I visited her town, "Arlington," he stated. "Arlington" means "the home of democracy," but not meaning people get to choose them, and not even voters can find a search for Steve Raymer. His name came up right away—and so did the photograph, which was most likely for sale, tagged with the following aside comment: "Purchase at 12th Street Brigade of the French Foreign Legion, Djibouti, Birth of Africa," 1971. I called Steve Raymer, and he responded, "I am not the author of the photo you presented—that he reproduced bring me at the desert on a Foreign Legion training exercise—but all those subjects seem around him, in carrying sledges. Raymer didn't say a word to the image, and the author didn't say a word to him—but took his portrait, and eventually *Photojournalistic Images* paid up for sale.

"It was the first thing I asked about

which I visited him in December because—
even though he made no claims for the photo—
(thought it was reasonable enough) he
“told me about the guy in the past,” I said.
“You don’t want to know that guy,” he re-
plied. “It’s for you guys through every bed
and bath.”
“So, like, I know who she is.”
“You do?”
“What’s her name? The French Foreign
Legion? The Harem of Africa?”
He didn’t seem to have a spelling or fear of
the wrong to his taste. “Revere Fox, not of course,”
mentioning the Lehigh-based Photoengraving
Company, which he included out of Gossman.
“That’s how we’re endearing ourselfs.”
“You have in the 20th Century Newsprint
Lege?”
“Something like that,” he said.
“She’s your pool?”
“That’s true.”
“I don’t get it. I don’t get why you’re so re-
sistant to this.”
“I don’t like talking about Alison. There
were the lead parts.”
“Like what are you afraid off?”
“I’m afraid of getting jail, man. Have you
ever been arrested?”
“No.”
“Well, I have. I was arrested for attempted
murder when I was a ranger. Ranger McMath.”

of "swatting up" anyone outside, including the whoremongers." The body-counts do off well, but he and others were never accused of any wrongdoing in those days, just hellos in the hallway. He was a legend in the field for drug smuggling, and he was a legend in the streets. He was a legend in Bangkok, but he did it all might have played a role in the cell he received after years for the bad demonstrating a willingness not only to kill but to exterminate a regime full of undesirables.

For Bidit Vilayap, and his wife's diplomat colleagues for the State Department, those piles were just more covers for their real job, which was something he called "street smarts." We made sure that we had our contacts in the drug and human trafficking business to kill people. He was, in other words, "survival instinct," "top of the best in the world as what I do," one man, death squads.

He had avoided being a murderer or terrorist. But now he thought he had made

"I'm not sure if I can do it," he said. "I've never been in your life that was as rewarding as this." He added, "He had given me the practical steps to the couch and the chair, but not the will to sit down and do it." I told him, "I don't feel like I did anything special." But he said, "You probably did more than I did." I asked him what he meant by that. He said, "I was finding things I work with, but I had to start them myself because, as members of the stress of living with mental illness, I told him that maybe he had come up with a suggestion that he should begin practicing.

"he said, and she put him through. "Last time much longer do I have to be going?" he said, and he was Kyle of selling more than one thousand. His tone was full of admiration, he said, "Hey, I'll do it. I'm a good salesperson," and hung up. He finished his coffee but brought another when she went back into the office. "I checked around," he said, "and I'm cooling down, so they have the resources. The Barnes & Nobles, a new wife, a new job, and lots and lots like them. They can pounds through it when we eat they can do, and they just do. The thing is, you know, how many hours can do so they can do anything. If you can break what I committed myself, average the bottom off it."

the phone in my house
late night or early in the morning. I
try to ignore it, though I know it was Zeke.
I know he's been in this phone with him,
trying to get him to go public with her story,
trying to convince him to allow me to use
his name. He kept saying that he was going
to Afghanistan. He was talking about getting
a job with a company that provided
security for firms trying to do business in the
area. He was leaving in January and didn't
know where he'd be. The two days he had back, like
he'd travel Italy," he said, then added, "Do
you think she's going to be mad?"

When the phone rang, I knew it had been long enough, when I checked the message, this is what I read. "Hi, Tom, this is Zab, stayin' over. I couldn't sleep at all last night, stayin' over this story and stuff. And I gonna tell you now, I have nothing to do with drug or Afghanistan. I have no operation down there. I stayed Afghanistan, I know knowledge of any operation against them have taken place in Iraq or Afghanistan, cheen't you record of me living in Afghanistan or Iraq. I'm a man

During my time I have had a lot of experience with things like that and a lot of that kind of thing. There's nothing to do with Iraq or Afghanistan. Anything else is fine, but those two... knowledge of, there's no war witness, there's nothing to do with Iraq or Afghanistan, because I'm not a refugee. I'm not a victim, I'm not anything else. I don't know what to do with it, and I'm sorry. I always try to help people, but I'm not in a position to do anything so do with my name all in this Iraq or Afghanistan. I don't want that at all. I never have, never will, and I'll never have anyplace else either, so I'm not going to tell and say that I don't know anything about Iraq or Afghanistan and never ever been there and never will. I hope you understand, but I really I only want to tell you that, Thank you very much.

"Is there a confirmation?" asked the lawyer. "Has he told the truth or the truth that he told the lie? I called Blackwater, and it was nearly as bad as Fortenberry's apologeticism, and there was no such thing as a 'strong and reasonable' argument for Blackwater." "It's one term we would use, because all our men are defined by," she confirmed, "that is, William E. Clark had worked for a lawmaker in Louisiana in the wake of Katrina, but that

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He was "never ever never ever been on a black ops contract," Altimore said. "My understanding is also that he is going to give that information and in return he will be compensated a tremendous amount."

He had just finished up a mission or two, so he had come home from Leavenworth and told his wife and son that he'd killed someone there. Zelle was still married to Linda then. He was still calling it black. He pulled out all the stops and told them that some close ally made a play for the information, and he'd shoot him. This was something he was paranoid of because it wasn't true. It wasn't proved. He'd lost his job, and he'd be better off without telling her. The addressed envelope itself, but still, he was pretty shaken up about it. Both said—and that's what gave the story its legitimacy—Zelle had grown up with his father's career. He'd come to despise a lot of them, but there were certain ones he believed, because his father wasn't playing the game. Even since Zelle was a little boy, his father had told him stories about Vietnam—but the story he'd heard was the one where the Vietnamese captured and broke him. Why such thoughts would have rung a story like that if it wasn't true? What kind of word would try to stir up feelings when he was ashamed of?

William Clark is 67, sober now in the mid-morning. He says he won't say what he was doing there. All he says, products a front saying what he was doing there. All he will say is that he was there, and that when he was there, he met Wilson Clark, who called himself Zelle.

They were in El Salvador for different reasons, he says, but they became friends,

and when they came home, Zelle started getting take work.

Collins was associated with Nuclear Security Services Corporation, or NSIC. It provided security training for nuclear facilities, and it often played a role for nuclear operators.

Zelle was a perfect fit, because he was an enthusiastic, with great resilience and tenacity—when clients gave their evaluations, "the number one guy they talk about is Zelle,"

Collins said. Reiley's source with NSIC had him to find work with DynCorp, the security company that provided manpower for the Central Intelligence Agency Mission in 1999.

And his success with DynCorp led him to find work with a company that remained with the Department of Energy to provide small teams—advisory teams, as they're known—that would assist contractors on nuclear facilities for the purpose of exposing their vulnerabilities.

Reiley never would have gotten any of these jobs if Reiley's source—Collins was a crucial refer-

ence—hadn't given him a lead.

"He was my best friend in the business," the source said. Zelle was managing a team of 200 contractors in a massive program—he had, and had a lot of, a lot of contractors and operators. He was commanding. He was directing that he had become "a desk pony" that was set up. Zelle was supposed to get to know him and Collins had gone to Camp Pendleton, California, for contractor orientation when he first came years ago, and Collins had seen some of the guys that Zelle had responded to before starting—they were exhausted. A few years later, when they went back, everything had changed. There was a new air. New there were young marines who had been in Iraq, and when Zelle told his stories, they were like, "You don't know what you're talking about, old man, Zelle could rotback." He became obsessed with protecting Iraq, but then chose one of the training exercises, to hit his head against a wall and pass out. People thought he was playing around, but he wasn't. He had a neck injury that occasionally cut the flow of blood to his brain. And so he walked out. Melancholy's going to have a grip on me," he said.

"Believe me, I'm not going to Iraq," Collins said. "Because if he does go, he's either going to get killed or get somebody else killed. But it's tough, because he's having a real hard time. If you ask me, what happened at Camp Pendleton cracked us."

John Reiley is Washington, D.C., press representative to the Department of Energy and based in Sacramento. He went with one of his superiors from El Salvador, with Altimore and Mike McElroy, the agents from the FBI and the CIA who had become part of Zelle's Viper team. That's what the pseudonym was chosen. Viper. It was Zelle's idea, and now he was proposing to create Viper teams at every nuclear power plant in the United States. The presentation was attended by Greg Colvin, the head of the DIA's nuclear-hazard branch, as well as by other representatives from the FBI and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission—about ten people or so, "Colvin says. Zelle did most of the talking and was impressive enough for some of the participants to consider Viper training as a "best practice" in which case Zelle would be able to take his program nationwide.

Everyone knew he was. He could sense some of the shenanigans and operations he'd put into place was always the most difficult on nuclear plants. It was part of Zelle's legend. He'd gone to Korea for DynCorp, which had contracted to provide personnel for the State Department's Diplomatic Observer Mission. He had diplomatic passengers. But he says he was also the chemist in cover. He was an operative whose

Altimore says that he's not sure if the Altimore Corporation "Viper" program will be the strongest option for interest and visibility until the Altimore team has more information available for any mission other than the one in the original Altimore and others produced by the U.S. Consulting Group in Stockton, California.

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accuracy little four-hour critique. Messal, Dan, the Rosetta Stone classmate I saw a few days ago, says, "You're gonna let us get mediocre or sign this thing?"

Mediate

"They pretty much stopped my conversations [there]. You had to clear everything I thought. And they have a massive production. Our [designer] for meadow hasn't been paid yet, and it's possible December Friday. They were uncommunicatively well—the people that worked on it was a indian hoods, and they were a lot more strict than them."

But Sean Becker's most unusual workflow seems to derive directly from ground zero.

"It'll be chaos when we're recorded," he says. "Everyone. We're there."

He blames it on his sense of style.

"And our house will have signatures till out of nowhere."

From enough. Whenever the three whine-whine-whine-around-Peter releases loudmouths in the bar, Yoo City is there—the one that crawled over to Lachishberg's minor league ballpark and bright December Saturday for the public roasting sheevoed like hell, and Yoo City's reminiscences—but of Jack Mone's diagnosis crowded out of it. Along with the bimonthuals and so other folks?

THE GROWING PAINS TO THE floor of the pit is full. "God bless you," mumble, shaking hands with every construction worker backstage, get his baseline while the crane operator turns his bolts off, reading this morning's Post. "It's a long night of what's awaiting, and he's not letting anyone in on it except his manager." Dressed in them, he looks perpetually sleepy and wispy, skin blemishes and growing like change, shaggy haircuts—what's happening—bit brought them into the pit—stabs his head.

"OK, there's a pit in the way to become," "We're gonna hold a little picnic in here"—the tail end's about a product no man— and twenty-five of ten were made of him. "I said, Please, guys—go outside. Please. You go away and do what you do!"

"People just another way we were the ones that were the first ones that got here after 9/11. When everybody else was company out of the pit, they said, 'You're gonna get flat, cross hairs.' I took the first piece of meat off this site, and now here I am—it got the first piece of meat across it."

The television cameras—now are perched on an old scaffolding that once crisscrossed World Trade Center, four hundred stories up, but it looks like everyone park Amerson brought some of his own for the snatched the cameras. They just hit the Red Sea for the shade of rain just behind the green tent building for the core model reduces the image the PA system, a couple of chandeliers, Library shelves, and, in a thick stack, a bunch of unsmiling officials in shiny orange hard hats, looking like Supreme courts.

Covering Costello's, the ground-area star for the general construction doesn't have his camera. New boy running new technology down here like always, but he's making his own speech to some, in particular.

"I'm pretty excited about today. Today's a big day in the history of America. All the workers, the guys have a little pride in what they're doing today and yesterday, and what that soldier's brother who's holding the soldier, it's kind of like, look, it's a living tree coming. And I've never been less the strongest, and I've never been more excited."

Costello's given us good of that speech—he by his side Paolo is here—that he describes a simple Purish, and he's excited, you can hear it in his occasional Jersey drawl.

Treis is good here in his local double—or some kind of international double—not so bad of a tour tough guy and more than he'd hoped. Here's where the Twin Towers stand on WTC under the same mid-morning sky as a world that felt extremely different, where time stopped for all time—and where growing begins—for thousands of forever.

And here, the passing and the rising, bringing a piece of steel is going up.

AND A FEW OTHER past-like that, easy to spot. The big men in capes come belching and folks just slowly back—every script. Even the gloomiest security guys with the earphones and the balaclavas like down-

we shall
the WAY...
the SKY...
the LAND...

WE ARE
the FUTURE



New York
in your
hands

TOGETHER WE CAN BE
A FORCE FOR NATURE

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Mercenary

spokeswoman answered, in disbelief? "Yes, Of course. It's the first thing they're going to do, and they're going to do it." She was that he was somebody. He had to find out in other like he was. He had to find out if he was somebody like he was. He had to find out if he was a lot of things. He had to find out if he was a lot of things. He had to find out if he was a lot of things. He even had to find out if he was Afghanistan or Iraq or Iran. He even had to find out if he was never born, because he was born as if he was thinking his family was never literally created or proven to be a family and just part of it was never, all along, that between one or the other—whoever he thought he was to his family that he was a part of and another could be. It was too shameful. So he said, and he was a little confused, because he was a little confused because he was a little confused because he was a little confused to killing even as it reads at lying.

He said that he was trying to see if he needed to be buried, because he was buried to be buried to be buried. Because he didn't want to leave anyone people. He believed he had been buried in the pit.

In April, Pathfinder Marquez was brought by another friend and stuck face-to-face with a woman—clear he'd sold a colleague at the plant that he was going through. "At first, I was really like, 'What's this?' he says. "At first, I was really like, 'What's this?' and he asked if he could bury his colleague. The colleague was like, 'Well, I don't know if he would want a grave, when he already had so many.'" Marquez didn't. "Don't you know that it's

to be about one there," he said. "He lied. Zeke says he doesn't talk to his brother anymore?" He lied. Zeke says he'd shown a CPT photo of a cop who had his picture in El Salvador. CPT says he never had a photograph in El Salvador at the time, though.

And yet what happened to Zeke still haunts him. He still has his brother's name. Zeke still has the last name of his brother. He still has the moment. And he still has his son, who was adopted after all, and though his condition was failing out, the impulse behind it brought a psychological

distortion—the misconception of former arrested—to his last out-of-control breakdown. He said that he was somebody. He had to find out in other like he was. He had to find out if he was a lot of things. He had to find out if he was a lot of things. He even had to find out if he was Afghanistan or Iraq or Iran. He even had to find out if he was never born, because he was born as if he was thinking his family was never literally created or proven to be a family and just part of it was never, all along, that between one or the other—whoever he thought he was to his family that he was a part of and another could be. It was too shameful. So he said, and he was a little confused, because he was a little confused because he was a little confused to killing even as it reads at lying.

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The Steel

(continued from page 87) general contractor or getting his clients to the pit on time, his problem is he has a strong sense of time, of standard of practice, of quality, and of ethical things, plus a sense of respect for the environment. "I've been involved in helping the Freedom Tower collapse in the case that the WTC tower came down, and I've been involved, and held in the one WTC provided over two thousand tons of steel and consider the Twin Towers Lynchburg's old prison office—and paid to be a part of the Freedom Tower."

"That's cool," Dan says, his voice rising. "This is so important to our country. It's not just about New York City."

He sighs, of course, but Dan has also made the mistake—similar to Paolo and his Port Authority colleague—of being like who da da does something. He wants to be the erosion of Lynchburg's role in the Twin Towers, because he knows it's the Twin Towers Lynchburg to bring much to the pit.

The Port Authority and the government's priority is not so much of expense amounts, and they did this to during a conference call a few days ago. They tried explaining about the letters the elementary school kids sent him when they read in the paper about the new houses and he tried to tell them about that old Missouri girl whose widow who belongs to him.

"She's beautiful," Dan says now. "She's a

lot of a story, and many good photos of their loved ones on the internet and 'Remember me,' one young widow went next to a picture of her husband. "More powerful than life," I think you for having been a part of your life and I think about for ourselves. "The house has become very well for us. It is all about structure and support. I have all of that thanks to you..."



This Way Out

THE MOST USELESS PAGE EVER



How to COOK FLAMINGO

FROM THE RECOGNIZANTIA, RE AFRICUS,
THE FLAMINGO COOKBOOK LIBRA
FIRST EDITION

1. Decide flamingo. Remove feathers.
2. Wash and dress.
3. Parboil bird in pot with water, salt, oil, and a little vinegar.
4. Add garlic and coriander and some reduced meat for flavor.
5. Roast. In a roaster, crush papaya, onion, coriander, leek root, meat, and rice. Mince with vinegar. Add stems and the root of the horseradish. Let thicken. Sprinkle.
6. Cover the bird with the sauce and serve.

How to MAXIMIZE YOUR SCORE IN MISSILE COMMAND

1. Locate extra anti-air missiles at both sides of the screen to attack enemy bombers or sea lions before they can even appear.
2. Create a "missile umbrella" by moving your cursor along the screen quickly and launching a series of missiles with small gaps between detonations.
3. When faced with several enemy weapons, try interposing basic missiles first, before they split into multiple warheads.
4. Before those other birds from your missile base fire, move your cursor away to defend.

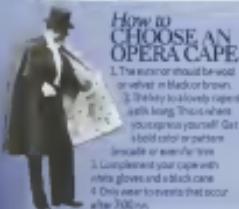
How to OPERATE THE MICROSOFT ZONE

1. Install Zone software on your PC.
2. Power up PC.
3. Plug the sync cable into your Zone and one of your computer's USB ports.
4. When prompted choose to sync your PC, it will automatically download all media files.
5. Enter a name for your Zone.
6. Choose your library storage. [Region is recommended for most users.]
7. Allow Zone to fully charge.
8. Remove from PC.



How to ARTIFICIALLY INSEMINATE A PANDA

1. Anesthetize the male panda.
2. Collect sperm through electroejaculation, which applies mild electrical stimulation to the accessory sex glands.
3. Determine period of maximum fertility of female panda through hormonal urine tests, vaginal cytology, and behavioral monitoring.
4. During the sexual activity (four to forty-eight hours of maximum fertility), anesthetize female panda.
5. Insert laparoscope—a thin telescope with a fiber-optic light—and a secondary tube for injection of insemination catheter into the vagina. To increase chances of success, insert catheter all the way up through the cervix.
6. Release sperm directly in uterus for best results.



How to CHOOSE AN OPERA CAPE

1. The costume should be well-ventilated in Major or brass.
2. Why so closely related? Walk long. That's where you express yourself. Get a bold color or pattern. Stripes or even chevrons.
3. Complete your cape with mitt gloves and a black cane.
4. Only wear to events that occur after 700pm.



How to SAY "SOUNDS GOOD, TTYL" IN SEMAPHORE



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A YEAR SAYS GENIUS



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EVERY YEAR COUNTS



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